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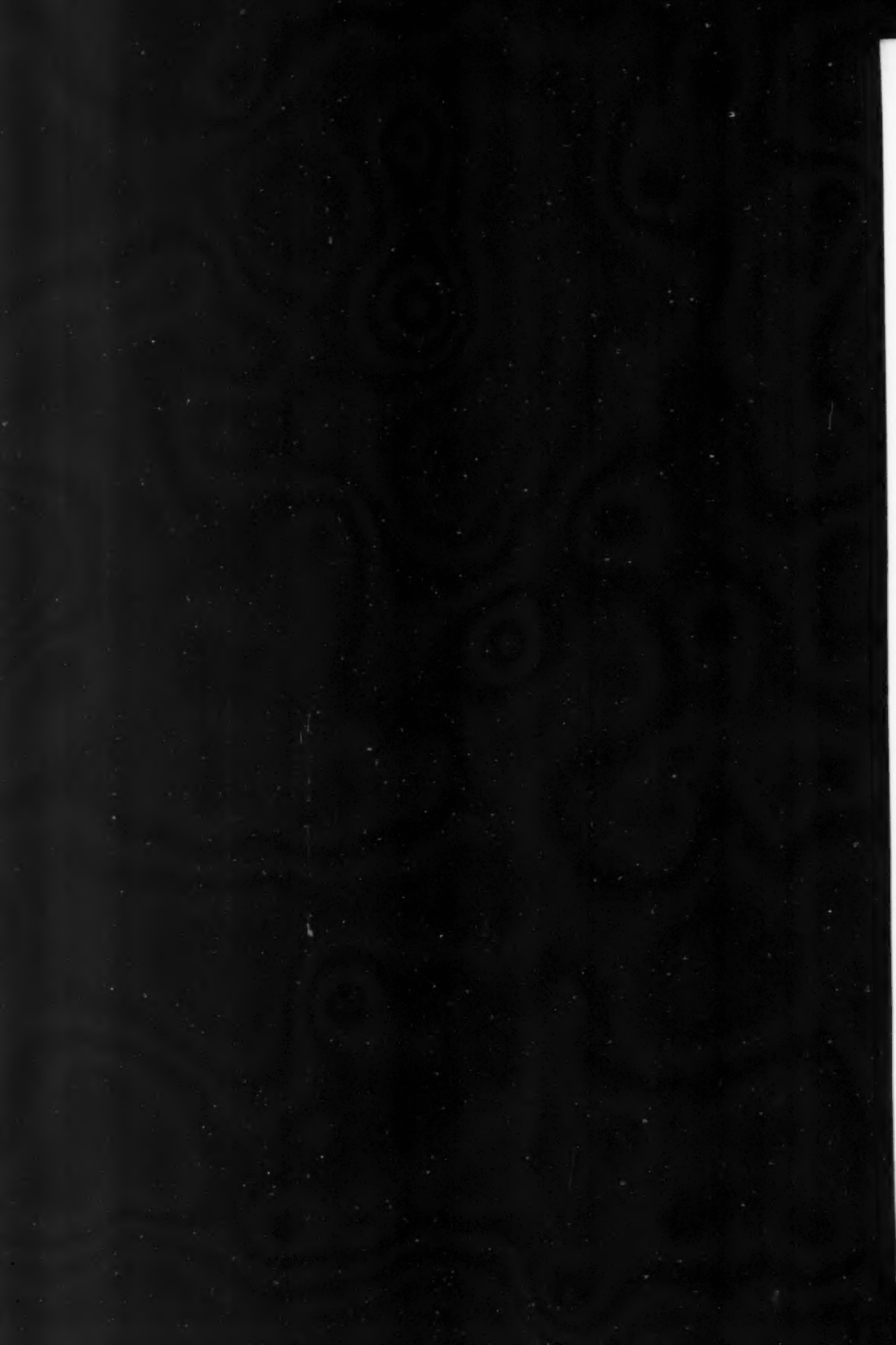
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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,  
Volume LXXXII. }

No. 2553.— June 3, 1893.

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Vol. CXCVII.

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## A DREAM OF OUR BIRTH.

EACH man, before he takes his mortal birth—

Ere yet upon him rises life's sad sun—  
Dwells in the Eden of a perfect earth,

Where living unpolluted waters run :  
Thoughtless of sin, and ignorant of sorrow,  
He passes peacefully from morn to morrow.

There, as on earth, the measured seasons roll,

With days of innocence and nights of rest.

Haply such labors as delight the soul,

With fruit that neither moth nor worm molest,

Are there the sinless spirits' recreation,  
Blest with contentment in a lowly station.

Sealed to their vision is the Book where lie

The countless mysteries of good and ill ;

They live forever in the Father's eye,

And love unquestioning his ways and will.

No problem agitates their reason's powers,  
As that of life and death perplexes ours.

We cannot say their knowledge is so high :

They are contented with the light of heaven,

Nor seek to know the infinitudes that lie

Beyond the sphere which to their sight is given,—

Better and wiser in this pure condition

Than we with all our restless mad ambition.

There are the fairest of this earth's delights—

Its pride of forests and its wealth of sea—

Spread out before their eager happy sights,  
Without the sully of mortality.

No sign of death is there forever telling

That they have fallen from a loftier dwelling.

Ah, with how sudden and how deep a woe

There comes that death to them which we call birth !—

That leaving of their paradise to go

From tearless Eden to distressful earth ;

How loth they leave, with glances backward turning

To where the angel stands with symbol burning.

Poor exiles from a dear delightful home,

The stainless fields of innocence and bliss,

Whose light must vanish from them as they roam

Through tangled paths of such a world as this !—

As from the visions of a quiet sleeping

That ends in nightmare, they awaken weeping.

Weeping—and yet they know not why they weep,

For earth is very fair, and God is kind ;

And as we oft, on rising from our sleep,

Lose memory of the dreams we leave behind,

So do these sons of God and heirs of glory

Lose all remembrance of their earlier story.

And yet the dreams have not deserted quite ;

Some gleams of mystic memory linger still,

That make us vaguely struggle for a light

To clear the vapors that clude our will.

Sometimes a sudden flash, as quickly fleeing,

Points through the shadows to a former being.

Sometimes a visitant with pinions bright

Pierces the cloud of misery and sin ;

Sometimes in solitude of silent night

The doors are opened, and we enter in ;  
Sometimes we hear a sound of distant singing,

Like bells of buried cities strangely ringing.

Do there not come strange voices from the sea,

Callings and whispers from the winter wind,

That strike upon the ear familiarly,

And waken ghostly echoes through the mind ?

Do not the forests from their green depths call us,

And in their sylvan solitudes enthrall us ?

Like cuckoo-calls across a land of flowers,

That grow the fainter as the year grows late,

So through our life, but most in earlier hours,

We bear some instincts of a former state ;

But when the Present's battle-cries awake us,

These softer whispers of the Past forsake us.

Born to a land of sin and strife and woe,

Where good and evil blindly embrace—

We win the passports that shall let us go

From stress of travail to a nobler place ;

Knowing the certain goal of our endeavor

Must be to rise and live with God forever.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

Blackwood's Magazine.

From The Contemporary Review.  
HIPPOLYTE TAINÉ.

BY GABRIEL MONOD.

FRANCE is discrowned. A little while ago it was her privilege to possess two of those encyclopedic minds which contain in themselves the whole knowledge of their time, which sum up all its tendencies, intellectual and moral, and look out upon nature and history from an elevation which enables them to obtain something like a bird's-eye view of the universe. Within five months these two men, so unlike in personal character and in the qualities of their work and thought (and therefore all the more, the two of them, an incarnation of the diverse aptitudes of their race and country), these two, universally recognized as the most authentic exponents and the most authoritative teachers of the generation which flourished between 1850 and 1880, have been taken from us in the plenitude of their powers, M. Renan in October, at the age of sixty-nine, and M. Taine in March, at the age of sixty-four.

I will not indulge in the easy and deceptive pastime of drawing a parallel between them, nor weary the reader with a catalogue of forced and illusory likenesses and contrasts in order to pass a judgment on their relative merits as idle as it would be impertinent. I will only point out in passing that both these men — true children of our democratic modern society — rose, by dint of their own genius and efforts, from a position of humble obscurity to fame and honor; that each (like so many of the great writers of this century — like Chateaubriand, like Victor Hugo, like Lamartine) lost his father in early life, and was brought up by a mother whom he tenderly loved; and that, apart from the circumstances which drove the one from his seminary and the other from the public schools, the life of each was unmarked by any adventure other than the adventures of the intellect, and was devoted without interruption to literary or professorial labors, lightened by the simple pleasures of the fireside or the circle of friends. Each took science for his

mistress, and scientific truth for his end and aim; each strove to hasten the time when a scientific conception of the universe should take the place of the theological conception; but while M. Taine believed it possible, without ever venturing beyond the narrow limits of acquired and demonstrable fact, to lay the foundations of a definite system, M. Renan delighted himself with the visionary glimpses of sentiment and reverie into the domain of the uncertain, the unknown, and even the unknowable, and loved to throw fresh doubt upon established conclusions, and to warn other people against a fallacious intellectual security. Moreover, the action of Renan had something contradictory about it. He was claimed by thinkers of the most opposite tendencies. He paved the way, to some extent, for the momentary reaction we see around us against the positive and scientific temper of recent times. In his irony, as in his flights of fancy and of hope, he seems to soar above his time and above his own work. M. Taine's work, on the other hand, while more limited in range, has a solid unity and a rigid logical consistency; and it is in strict relation with the time in which he lived, at once acting powerfully upon it, and giving it its fullest and most complete expression.

# I.

TAINÉ was the theorist and the philosopher of that scientific movement which in France was the successor of the romantic movement. The romantic movement itself — the work of the generation of 1820–1850 — had been a reaction against the hollow, conventional, and sterile art and thought of the age which preceded it. To the narrow and rigid rules of the classical school of the decadence it opposed the broad principle of the freedom of art; for the servile imitation of antiquity it substituted the discovery of new fountains of inspiration in the works of the great masters of all times and countries; while the dull uniformities of a mechanical style gave place to the varying caprices of individual taste, and the

narrowness of a tame and timid ideology to the broad horizons of a spiritual eclecticism which found room and recognition for all the great doctrines that in their turn have swayed and captivated the minds of men, and which even professed to reconcile philosophy with religion. But, brilliant as was this epoch of our intellectual history, with its men of genius and its works of art—much as it did for the emancipation of taste and thought, and much as it gave to both art and literature of life and color and newness, it still fell short of fulfilling the hopes it had inspired. It was mistaken in asserting as a basal principle of art that liberty which is only one of its essential conditions. With its superficial eclecticism, its confused syncretism, it was lacking in unity of action, in definiteness of aim, in organic principle. It had replaced conventions by new conventions, the antiquated rhetoric of the classic writers by a rhetoric which from the first day seemed also faded; it had fallen, in its turn, into vague declamation and noisy commonplace; and it had made the fatal mistake of supposing that efforts of imagination and flights of fancy could take the place of serious study and acquired knowledge, and that the secret things of history and the human heart could be got at by guess-work and delineated with a clever sweep of the brush. Its philosophy, at the same time, had fallen into utter helplessness, while obstinately refusing the fresh impulsion of the spirit of research which was even then creating a new science of nature and of man, and relaying the experimental bases of psychology.

The generation which came to its full age about 1850, or within some twenty years after, while it retained to a great extent the legacy of the romantic school—its rejection of the antiquated rules of the classicists, its assertion of the freedom of art, and its hunger for life, and color, and variety—nevertheless took a very distinct departure of its own. Instead of leaving an open field for the play of individual sentiment or imagination, and allowing every one to

shape for himself a vague and purely subjective ideal, it held fast to one common principle of life and art, the search for truth—truth, not as an abstract intellectual idea, subjective and arbitrary, not as one of those visions of the imagination which people dignify with the name of truth, but truth objective and demonstrable, sought for and seized upon in the concrete reality, that is to say, scientific truth. This tendency of the time was so general, so profound, so truly organic, that it characterizes, consciously or unconsciously, every form of intellectual production. We note its presence no less in the paintings of Meissonier, of Millet, of Bastien Lepage, and the open-air painters than in the plays of Augier, no less in the poetry of Leconte de Lisle, or Hérédia, or Sully-Prudhomme than in the historical works of Renan or of Fustel de Coulanges, no less in the novels of Flaubert, Zola, or Maupassant than in the writings of philosophers like Taine himself.

The movement had had illustrious precursors; Héricault and Stendhal, Balzac, Mérimée, Sainte-Beuve, and Auguste Comte, and others besides these, had anticipated it. But it was not till after 1850 that scientific realism became the organic principle of intellectual life in France. By that time it pervaded everything. Alike in poetry and in the plastic arts we find the same striving after technical accuracy, the same effort to come to closer terms with nature, to adhere more strictly to the historic verity. The novelists, whether they are describing the present or reanimating the past, become scrupulous in their observation of life and manners, and exacting in their demand for positive evidence. Flaubert employs the same methods in depicting the manners of a Norman village as in describing those of the Carthaginians during the war of the Mercenaries. Bourget analyzes the characters in a novel with the precision of a professional psychologist; and Zola goes the length of introducing physiology and pathology. The poetry of Hérédia and Leconte de Lisle is steeped in erudition,

that of Sully-Prudhomme in science and philosophy; while Coppée is a hard student of middle-class and working-class manners. The historians apply themselves with an almost excessive conscientiousness to the examination of documents and the dissection of details, and make it their highest ambition to have an unerring eye for a text. The philosophers turn to mathematics, to natural history, to physiology, to supply the bases of a more rigorous psychology, a more certain and rational conception of the universe, and a more accurate knowledge of the laws of thought. The study of outward truth on the one hand—the attempt at a faithful representation of the visible and tangible phenomena of life—and, on the other, the search for the underlying truth, for the play of forces and interaction of natural causes which determine these phenomena—this has been the twofold aim of our poets and painters and sculptors, our novelists and our philosophers, no less than of our men of science; and, in spite of the errors into which modern realism has betrayed some of its devotees, there is an incontestable grandeur in this unity of effort and of inspiration. It was the glory of M. Taine that he, above all other men, was intimately cognizant of the mind and spirit of his generation; that whether as philosopher, historian, or critic, he represented it with unapproached precision, and splendor, and potency; and that he exerted upon it a profound influence. If we discern in him, nevertheless, some lingering trace of that classic spirit of which he was the life-long antagonist; if he sometimes mistakes simplicity and clearness for an evidence of truth; if he was over-fond of absolute formulæ, and of logical systematizing; if we discover also a touch of romanticism in his love for the picturesque, and his delight in exuberant and tumultuous character; he had, nevertheless, this supreme merit—that he loved and believed in truth for its own sake, that he trusted to its beneficent influence, that he sought it with sincere and disinterested effort, and that he

proved to his own generation how the passionate pursuit of art may be united with the austere and modest service of science.

## II.

NOTHING could have been simpler than his life. Born in 1828 at Vouziers, in the department of the Ardennes, and early orphaned of his father, he was brought up by a brave mother in a straitness of circumstance akin to poverty. After a brilliant course of study at Paris, he was entered at the Ecole Normale at the age of twenty, and found himself the companion of a number of men who were destined with himself to make their mark in literature—Weiss, About, Paradol, Gréard, and Fustel de Coulanges. Among these he soon took the first rank. He gave proof of his superiority in the examination for his degree in philosophy; but, at the same time, he showed such independence of mind in his treatment of the received eclectic doctrines that the examiners rejected him on the ground of heresy, while admitting that he had taken the first place. The political and religious reaction which marked the opening years of the government of Napoleon III. was then at its height; and the young university, suspected of a leaning to independence, was subjected to petty persecutions which obliged several of Taine's most distinguished comrades to abandon teaching as a profession, and seek their fortunes in journalism. Taine himself, stigmatized by his degree examination as a dangerous character, was forbidden the entry of the philosophy class-room, and sent to Besançon as assistant teacher to the sixth form. He resigned, and went to live in Paris with his mother, and earn his living by private lessons. Meanwhile he was studying medicine and natural science, and acquiring that scientific training which he considered indispensable for a philosopher; and by 1853 he had passed his *doctorat-ès-lettres* with a treatise on La Fontaine and his fables. The next year he published his "Essay on Livy," in 1856



his "Travels in the Pyrenees," and in 1856 his "French Philosophers of the Nineteenth Century."

The success of his books was instantaneous and phenomenal. He was recognized at once as a writer, a critic, an historian, a thinker; the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Journal des Débats* sought contributions from him, and he showed the extent of his knowledge and the force of his thought by applying to the most various literary and historical subjects the philosophical theories which he had already completely elaborated in his two first works. These articles, in which his talent shows itself at its supplest, its most sparkling, its most seductive, have been collected and published in the two volumes of "Critical and Historical Essays" (1858 and 1865). While still engaged in these excursions amongst the literatures of the world—excursions which led him from Xenophon and Plato to Guizot and Michelet, from Marcus Aurelius and Buddhism to the Mormons and Jean Reynaud, from Renaud de Montauban to Balzac, and from Racine to Jefferson—he was preparing a great work in which he was to apply to a noble literature and a noble race his theory of the conditions of the development of civilization and of intellectual production. In 1864 he published his "History of English Literature" in four volumes. This is his most splendid achievement, and it is one of the glories of French literature. Henceforth his position was unassailable. Life smiled on him; the world opened its arms to him. His friends were the most illustrious men of the time in science, art, and letters. The State sought to repair the wrong it had done him by appointing him professor at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, and examiner in history for St. Cyr. His marriage, a little later, with a woman of superior endowments, created for him at once a wider life, and the conditions most favorable to the expansion of his affectionate nature and the patient and cheerful pursuit of his literary labors. His lessons on the history of art gave him the opportunity of seeking, in a

fresh department of human activity, a new demonstration of his philosophical theories. His "Travels in Italy" (1868) and his little books on "The Philosophy of Art, in Italy, in the Netherlands, and in Greece," and "The Ideal in Art" (afterwards republished in two volumes under the title "The Philosophy of Art"), displayed all the resources of a mind capable of giving the most varied forms and applications to a quite immutable basis of doctrine. In "Thomas Graindorge" (1867), the humorist and satirist of Parisian society scarcely conceals the personality of the philosopher who in 1870 lays down the laws of thought in his two volumes on "The Intelligence." He was projecting a work on the will, which should complete the exposition of his philosophy, when the war of 1870 broke out, and was followed immediately by the Commune. Taine was profoundly affected by these events. The development of the political and social situation in France, and its relation to the past and the future, seemed to him the gravest and most pressing of all the problems which had as yet presented themselves to his mind, and he resolved to apply to it all his powers of work and thought, and all the rigor of his method. His treatise on "Universal Suffrage and the Manner of Voting," published in 1871, testifies to the practical motives which led him to this decision; and thus it was that to his great literary work, "The History of English Literature," and his great philosophic work, "The Intelligence," he added his great historical work, "The Sources of Contemporary France." The mere overhauling of documents was a colossal task; his abstracts filled something like a dozen folio volumes. Then he had to explain the causes of the fall of the Ancien Régime, to account for the powerlessness of the revolutionary assemblies to found any durable political system, and to expose the evils due to the Napoleonic institutions which still reign in France. This task of generalization, not abstract and vague, but precise and concrete, involving the classification of thousands of facts and the

minute and conscientious study of all manner of institutions, legal, political, administrative, religious—all this accompanied by the constant effort of organizing and philosophic thought—was pursued for twenty years without faltering, though not indeed without weariness. With all the alleviations of his long summer sojourns in the delicious retreat he had provided for himself at Menthon Saint-Bernard, on the shores of the lake of Annecy, the repeated hydropathic cures at Champel, near Geneva, and the hygienic regularity of a life from which the exhausting futilities of social distraction were rigorously excluded, he had not the physical forces necessary to resist the strain of that perpetual tension of the mind, working always in a given direction, and never for a moment inactive. Never had his perceptions been more lucid, nor his faculties more robust than when he wrote those chapters on the Church and education in the nineteenth century, which were published but a year ago. But the body, worn out by the exactions of a too hardy soul, refused to go through with the task, and he died on the 5th of March, leaving his great work, of which six volumes had already appeared, unfinished by two or three chapters.

### III.

SUCH was his life—laborious, simple, serious; elevated and illumined by the consolations of friendship and family, the joys of thought, the love of nature and of art. The character of the man was in perfect harmony with his life. You had only to know him to be convinced of it; for if his life was hidden from the world, no one ever concealed himself less from those who had the privilege of associating with him. This great lover of truth was true and sincere in everything, in thought and feeling, in word and action. This man of gigantic intellect was simple, grave, and candid as a child; and it is to the simplicity, candor, and seriousness with which he opened his direct and inquiring gaze upon the world and the men who people it, that he owed

that force and vividness of impression and expression which were the peculiar mark and sign manual of his genius. How did he come by these rare and seductive qualities? Were they the inheritance of his race? One might almost think it, as one reads what M. Michelet says of the population of the Ardennes: "The race is refined; it is sober, thrifty, intelligent; the face is dry and sharply cut. This character of dryness and severity is not confined to the little Geneva of Sedan; it is almost everywhere the same. The country and the inhabitants are alike austere; the critical spirit is in the ascendant. It is commonly so among people who feel that they themselves are of more value than their possessions." But Vouziers is on the borders between Champagne and the Ardennes; and with Taine himself the innocent mischief of the Champenois, the flash and sparkle of the wines of La Fontaine's country (La Fontaine was one of his favorite authors), went far to temper the austerity of the Ardennais.

Yet one hesitates to reckon much on the influence of race in the presence of a nature so exceptional as that of Taine—a nature so conscious, reflective, self-determining, and in which it is so difficult to separate the intellectual virtues of the thinker from the personal virtues of the man.

Perhaps the most striking thing in him was his modesty. It spoke even in his appearance. There was nothing about him to invite a second look. Somewhat below the middle height, with irregular features, and eyes which showed a slight cast behind their spectacles, his figure somewhat mean, especially in his youth, there was nothing to betray to a careless observer the man he was. But when you saw him closer, when you spoke with him, you were struck by the powerful and solid build of the face and skull, by the look, now inward and reflective, then outward, penetrating, questioning, and by the mixture of force and gentleness in the whole aspect of the man. As he grew older, this characteristic of robust and kindly serenity became more marked,

and Bonnat has successfully caught it in his portrait of his friend — the only portrait of him that exists, for Taine's modesty shrank from the photographer as it shrank from the interviewer. He had a horror of fuss and notoriety, and secluded himself from the world, not simply because his health and his work necessitated it, but because he could not endure to be an object of curiosity and to be lionized. It was not from unsociability, for no one could be more welcoming, more genial than he, when there was either advice to give or an opinion to be taken. Not only was he exempt from affectation, from airs of importance or any sort of mannerism, but he had the gift of making people forget his superiority and putting himself on a level with the humblest of his interlocutors, treating them as friends and equals, and making it seem as if he had something to learn from them.

And so, indeed, he had. The gift was no mere artifice of courtesy or condescension ; it belonged to the very stuff of his character and ways of thinking. It came, to begin with, from his simple seriousness. Sensitive as he was to beauty or cleverness, truth was worth more to him than either. He wanted to get at the truth, and he did not care about being praised. Whatever subject he dealt with, whatever person he talked with, he made straight for the heart of things, certain of finding something to learn ; and this scientific conception of truth made him attach infinite value to the smallest acquisitions of fact or idea, if only they were precise and accurate. Above all, he liked to converse with men who were specialists in their own art or science, or even trade ; he knew how to draw them out, and to utilize their special information in building up his own general conceptions. He preferred a talk on trade with a tradesman, or on toys with a child, to the chatter of the drawing-room or the eloquence of empty cleverness. He detested clap-trap. Even irony was foreign to him, though he lacked neither playfulness nor the power of satire.

His modesty had also its source in his

goodness of heart. His philosophy, it must be admitted, was sufficiently hard on the human race, classifying, as it did, a good part of it as simply noxious animals ; but in practice he was pitiful, charitable, indulgent, like all humble men of heart. He had even that rarer kindness which consists in avoiding all that can wound or sadden ; and his courtesy, like his modesty, was an affair of the heart. He respected the human soul ; he knew its weakness, and would refrain from lifting a hand upon anything that could fortify it against evil or console it in its affliction. This temper of his may explain the feeling, not easily understood by every one, which prompted him, a Catholic born, but a free thinker and a life-long unbeliever, to seek interment according to the Protestant ritual. His aversion to sectarianism, to noisy demonstrations and idle discussions, made him dread a civil funeral, which might seem an act of overt hostility to religion, and might be accompanied by tributes intended rather to affront the faithful than to do honor to his memory. He was glad, moreover, to attest his sympathy with the great moral and social forces of Christianity. On the other hand, Catholic burial would have involved an act of adhesion, and a sort of disavowal of his own teaching. He knew that the Protestant Church would grant him its prayers while respecting his independence, and without attributing to him either regrets or hopes which were far from his thoughts. He wished to be borne to his last repose with the simplicity with which he did everything else, without military pomp or academic eulogy, without anything that could lend itself to dispute or controversy, or add to that moral anarchy of which he had endeavored to counteract the effects by unveiling the causes.

This goodness, this gentleness, this modest reserve, this respect for the feelings of others, betokened, however, no feebleness of character, no conventional compliances, no timidity of thought. The pacific nature of the man himself, and his views on the laws of social development combined to give

him a horror of violent revolutions ; but few writers have shown in their intellectual life a more courageous and straightforward sincerity. He could not conceive how any personal consideration could prevent the expression of a serious conviction. He had, without any idea of bravado, compromised his career when he left the *Ecole Normale*, by simply saying what he thought. He had quitted the university to take his chance in literature without giving himself any of the airs of a martyr or a hero. He had gone on saying what he thought in publication after publication, without troubling himself as to its effect on friends or supporters, and without attempting to reply to the attacks of his opponents, since all personal controversy appeared to him to be damaging to the combatants and useless in the interests of truth. The straightforward truthfulness of the "*Origines de la France Contemporaine*" had offended every party in turn. Nor was it only in confronting others and the world that he had shown this courageous sincerity. He had done what is rarer still, he had shown it towards himself. Early possessed with a distinct idea of the domain allotted to human science, he had forbidden himself to expect of it more than it could give, or to mingle with it any foreign element. He had clearly separated from it the domain of practical morality and religion. He attributed to it no mystic virtue, nor asked of it any rule of life. But on the other hand, in its own territory, he had followed it without fear, without hesitation, without regrets, without ever asking whither it was leading him. He had never allowed anything to enter into conflict with it. He would have reproached himself with weakness, if he had stopped to ask whether scientific truth is sombre or cheerful, moral or immoral. It is the truth, and there is an end of it. It was not to be endured that sentiment or imagination should corrupt the probity, the austerity—if I may so speak, the chastity—of the truth.

Such a character, such a life, is the life and character of a sage. Of a sage,

I say, and not of a saint ; for sanctity implies a something more—a something of enthusiasm, of asceticism, of the supernatural, which Taine might admire at a distance, but which he made no pretension to possess. He loved and practised virtue ; but it was a human virtue, accessible and simple. In love with truth and reality, he laid down for himself no rules which he could not fully keep, any more than he would have made statements which he did not believe it in his power to prove. Those charming sonnets of his on his beloved animal, the cat—that incarnation of gravity, suavity, and resigned demeanor, that soul of order and of comfort—were something more than a play of fancy, or an expression of fondness. They embody his conception of the ideal wisdom, which combines the philosophy of Epicurus with that of Zeno. His ideal of life was neither the Christian asceticism of the Port-Royalists or the author of the "*Imitation*," nor the superhuman stoicism of Epicurus ; it was the softened and reasonable stoicism of Marcus Aurelius. He lived conformably to this ideal. Is not this praise enough ?

#### IV.

THE theories of philosophers are not only interesting for their own sake, they are interesting for what they tell us of the philosophers who theorized them. Our ideas of things are but the subjective impression made by the external world on the senses and the brain ; what they really explain is our own intellectual constitution. Taine's favorite theory of the genesis of great men was that they were the product of the *race*, the *moment*, and the *medium* ; and he would go on to discover in the complex individuality some one leading faculty to which all the others were ancillary. This fascinating theory has been often criticised, perhaps justly ; but if there are many men of genius to whom it is difficult to apply it, it applies quite perfectly to Taine himself.

He is indeed of his country and his race ; he is of the lineage of the best French minds ; a lover of clear and

pondered thought and of harmonious simplicity; a reasoner and a rationalist; no mystic, no sentimentalizer, but solid, loyal, and true; eloquent in exposition, a delighter in the beauty of form and color. If these qualities are associated in him with a somewhat trenchant tone, with something of a biting and satirical sharpness, let it be remembered that he was a native of the Ardennes.

He was emphatically, as we have already shown, the representative of his epoch and of his moment. The lamentable eclipse of the Republic of 1848 had cured Frenchmen, for the time being, of chimerical hopes and enthusiasms; and from 1840 onward Sainte-Beuve declares that romanticism had proved a failure. All minds were ready to accept a system which should find the explanation of facts in the facts themselves; which should take concrete data as the only solid basis of reasoning; which should reduce art, literature, philosophy, politics, to the observation of realities, as the sole principle of truth and life.

He received, moreover, very profoundly the imprint of the medium in which he was brought up. The austerity of his race was emphasized in him by the hard, pinched, and solitary life of his early years. The injustices to which he had been subjected gave a certain zest to the enunciation of his ideas without regard to the opinions of others, and with a genuine scorn for the false judgments sure to be passed upon him whether he wrote philosophy, as in the "French Philosophers of the Nineteenth Century," or history, as in the "Sources of Contemporary France," or criticism, as in the preface to the "History of English Literature." In his literary work, again, we see the influence of the various environments by which he had been surrounded. Here and there we find an echo, a reminiscence, of the romanticism which was regnant in his youth; but his own instincts were classical—witness his preference for Alfred de Musset over Victor Hugo and Lamartine. His training at the university and the

Ecole Normale developed in him some features of the classic spirit—the tendency to abstraction and generalization, the love of systematizing, and of oratorical reasoning. Later on he associated himself much with men of science, physiologists, and doctors, and had in common with them the habit of referring all phenomena to physical causes, and subjecting everything to a universal determinism. It was in these studies that he found the basis of his scientific realism. Finally, he had a marked predilection for the society of artists. He looked on nature and history himself with the eye of an artist, attaching extraordinary importance to color and costume, to questions of manners and external decoration, in which he recognized the rendering of the interior life in terms of sense. Of all our great writers, he is the one whose methods of description come the nearest to painting. He has its accumulation of successive touches, its oppositions of light and shade, its incrustations. There is nothing dreamy about his imagination; it is concrete and colored.

What, then, amidst all these influences and aptitudes, is the leading faculty in Taine—the faculty which dominated all the rest, and fashioned them to its purposes? It is, to my thinking, the logical faculty.

But is it possible? This vivid writer, this most dramatic historian, before whom in a perpetual procession of scenes men are always moving, acting, speaking—this critic, whose eye is ever for the forceful and the splendid in literature and art—for Rubens, Titian, Shakespeare—is he to be credited with a dominant faculty of the purely scientific order, a faculty almost mathematical? It is even so. This was his greatness and his weakness, the secret of his power and of his defects. Everything was to him, in the last resort, a mechanical problem; everything—the sensible universe, the human *Ego*, every historical event, every work of art. Each of these problems is reduced to its simplest terms, at the risk even of mutilating the reality; and the solution is pursued with the inflexible vigor



of a mathematician demonstrating a theorem, of a logician working out a syllogism. Given an author or an artist, he infers what he must be from the race, the medium, and the moment; and, having thus mastered his individuality, he deduces from it all his acts and all his works. Given the question, What constitutes the ideal in art? he falls to calculating the degree of importance and the degree of beneficence—that is to say, the general utility—of the work of art, and incurs the reproach of having left out that mysterious and indefinable element—indefinable from its infinite complexity—the indispensable element of beauty. If he is attempting to explain the condition of contemporary France, he puts absolute faith in the power of abstract reason to complete the destruction of a social organization of which the natural and spontaneous forces, whether individual or collective, have been successively exhausted, and to bring about, first a state of revolutionary anarchy, and then a crushing centralization like that created by Napoleon. All that will not go within the four walls of this demonstration—the powers of Parliament under the old *régime*, the work of the Constituent Assembly, the action of external causes, wars, and insurrections—is eliminated by the definition. This dominating logical faculty dictates the whole doctrine of Taine—a doctrine of inexorable determinism. Determinism is for him, as for Claude Bernard, the basis of all progress and of all scientific criticism; and he seeks in it the explanation alike of the facts of history and the works of human art.

At the same time, if Taine was a logician, he was a logician of a particular stamp. He was a realist, and his logic works only upon concrete notions. We shall ill understand his doctrine if we separate it from his method. And here we get some valuable light on the constitution of his intellect from the nature of his mathematical aptitudes. He had a great gift for mathematics, and especially for mental calculation. He could multiply sums of several figures in his head. But he did it by visualiz-

ing the figures and working the sum as if on a blackboard. In the same way the starting-point of his logical processes was always facts—facts observed with an extraordinary power of vision, collected with indefatigable conscientiousness, grouped in the most rigorous order. In history and in literary or artistic criticism the process was the same as in philosophy. The starting-point of his theory of intelligence is the Sign, the Idea being for him nothing but a name for a collection of impossible experiences. The Sign is the collective name of a series of images; the image is the result of a series of sensations; and the sensation is the result of a series of molecular movements. Thus, through a congeries of sensible facts, we arrive at an initial mechanical action. That is absolutely all. The fact and the cause are identical. This it is which distinguishes Taine from the pure Positivists. While the Positivists content themselves with analyzing facts and noting their co-ordination or succession, without assuming any certain relation of cause and effect between them, Taine, with his absolute determinism, sees in each fact a necessary element in a wider group of facts, which determines it and is its cause. Each group of facts is again conditioned by a more general group to which it owes its existence; and one might thus go on in theory from group to group up to some unique cause which should be the originating condition of all that exists. In this conception force and idea and cause and fact are all mixed up together; and if Taine had believed it possible to soar into metaphysics, I suppose his metaphysics would have consisted of a sort of self-determining mechanism, in which the phenomena of the sensible universe and the ideas of the thinking *Ego* would be but the successive appearances presented to the senses by the manifestation of Being in itself, of idea in itself, and of action in itself.

And this helps us to understand how the great logician came to be also a great painter, how he developed that individual style, with its union of imag-

inactive splendor and rigorous reasoning — a style in which every sweep of the artist's brush is an indispensable element in the philosopher's demonstration. Even his imagination has a character of its own. It has neither sentiment nor reverie. It startles us with none of those instantaneous flashes, those leaps of insight, with which Shakespeare penetrates the heart of nature or illumines in a moment the mysterious recesses of the human soul. It is not the imagination that suggests and reveals; it is descriptive and explanatory. It shows us things in their full relief, their full intensity of color, and, by means of sustained comparisons, drawn out with all the analytic art of the logician, it enables us to classify facts and ideas. His imagination is but the sumptuous raiment of his dialectic. It has been said that this glowing oratory was none of his own, to begin with; that when he entered the *Ecole Normale* he was reproved for his dull and abstract style, and that he set himself, by dint of study and effort, to acquire a better manner, browsing meanwhile upon Balzac and Michelet. But a good part of this is neat invention. No doubt, with so robust a genius as Taine's, the will played its part in the formation of his delivery as of his ideas; but there is far too deep an accordance between his style, his method, and his doctrine, for us to imagine it other than the necessary product of his nature. A style like this, at once firm and flashing, now vibrating with nervous tension, then spreading out into a broad and majestic harmony, is not made at pleasure or by machinery.

It must be acknowledged, however, that this intimate admixture of the logical with the picturesque, this application of science to aesthetics, this constant intervention of physics and physiology in the affairs of the mind, this effort to reduce everything to necessary laws and to simple and definite principles, was not without its dangers and its inconveniences. The complexity of life is not so easily to be crammed into a framework thus rigid and inflexible; and nature, in particu-

lar, has this strange and inexplicable privilege, that wherever she combines two elements she can add a new one, which results from them but is not accounted for by them.

This is true especially in the organic world; life consists of just that indefinable something which educes the plant from the seed, the flower from the plant, and the fruit from the flower. In the universal mechanism of Taine this mysterious something has no room to breathe; and its absence gives to his style, as to his system, a rigidity which repels many of his readers. Amiel has expressed — with that exaggeration which his morbid sensibility introduces into everything — the impression produced by Taine on some tender and mystical natures which shrink away wounded from the mercilessness of his logic.

I have a painful sensation in reading him — something like the grinding of pulleys, the click of machines, the smell of the laboratory. His style reeks of chemistry and technology; it is inexorably scientific. It is dry and rigid, hard and penetrating, a strong astringent; it lacks charm, humanity, nobleness, and grace. It sets one's ears and one's teeth on edge. This painful sensation comes probably from two things — his moral philosophy and his literary method. The profound contempt for humanity which characterizes the physiological school, and the intrusion of technology into literature, inaugurated by Balzac and Stendhal, explain this latent aridity which you feel in his pages and which catches you in the throat like the fumes of a mineral factory. He is very instructive to read, but he takes the life out of you; he parches, corrodes, and saddens you. He never inspires; he only informs. This, I suppose, is to be the literature of the future, an Americanized literature, in profound contrast with the Greek; giving you algebra in place of life, the formula instead of the image, the fumes of the alembic for the divine dizziness of Apollo, the cold demonstration for the joys of thought — in a word, the immolation of poetry, to be skinned and dissected by science.

Now in all this there is some truth, but there is a good deal of exaggeration and even injustice. One has but to turn to his essay on "*Iphigenia* in

Tauris" to recognize Taine's susceptibility to the beauty of the antique, to his pages on Madame de Lafayette to feel his grace, or to those on the English Reformation to see how deeply he was touched by the struggle of conscience and the spectacle of moral heroism. It would be easy to show, by running through his books, how this great mind, so profoundly artistic, as much at home — consummate musician that he was — in a sonata of Beethoven as in the metaphysical reverie of Hegel, was accessible to all the great ideas as to all the great emotions; but that he regarded it as a duty to moral as well as intellectual honesty to eliminate from the search for truth all those vague aspirations by means of which men try to create for themselves a universe of their own, "re-moulded nearer to the heart's desire."

## V.

EXCLUDING thus from the whole field of his conceptions all metaphysical entities, all elements of mystery or uncertainty, and reducing everything to the mere grouping of facts, he could not but treat all the problems of literature and æsthetics as problems of history. Thus all his works, with the exception of his "Travels in the Pyrenees" and his treatise on the intelligence, are historical works. They mark the last stage of the evolution by which literary criticism has become one of the forms of history. Villemain had been the first to show the relation between literary and historical development. Sainte-Beuve had sought, still more systematically, the explanation of an author's work in the circumstances of his life and time. Taine recognized in literature the most precious documents, the most significant testimony, to which history could appeal, at the same time that he regarded it as the necessary product of the epoch which gave it birth. The essay on La Fontaine is an essay on the society of the seventeenth century and the court of Louis XIV.; the essay on Livy is an essay on the Roman character; the history of English literature is a history

of English civilization and the English mind, from the time when Normans or Anglo-Saxons overran the seas and ascended the rivers, pillaging, burning, and massacring, shouting their war-songs as they went, down to Queen Victoria dowering the illustrious Tennyson with the laureateship and a peerage. In the "Travels in Italy" and the "Philosophy of Art," you are introduced to the Italian society of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and to Dutch life in the seventeenth; and are made acquainted with the manners of the Greeks in the time of Pericles and of Alexander. It is easy to perceive that for Taine the histories of literature and of art are but fragments of the natural history of man, which is itself but a fragment of the story of the universe. Even the "Life and Opinions of Thomas Graindorge" is a humorous study of French society, from the same philosophical hand to which we owe the "History of English Literature." Never has any writer shown throughout his works such unity of conception and of doctrine, or manifested from the first so clear a consciousness of his own method, or proved so invariably equal to himself. From the *Ecole Normale* onwards, Taine pursued his own method of generalization and simplification. "Every man and every book," he said, "may be summed up in three pages, and those three pages in three lines." Nevertheless, he loved detail. His "Voyages aux Pyrénées" gives the impression of an exercise in description to see what could be done in it — something like a violinist's finger exercises. It is the only instance we have in his works of description for its own sake. Everywhere else the description is intended to furnish the elements of an historical generalization. He describes a country in order to explain its inhabitants; he describes the manners and the life of men in order to explain their thoughts and feelings. He has a wonderful gift of making visible to the eye the costume, the decoration, the outward manifestation of the most various civilizations and societies of men, of producing a general effect by accumula-

tion of detail, and by the happy selection of the most characteristic features. In this he shows himself a great historical painter. Nor is the art less wonderful by which he reduces to a few clear and simple motives, logically grouped together and subordinated to a single ruling motive, the whole motley company of external phenomena. One kicks a little, it is true, against accepting explanations so simple for facts so complex, but one is subjugated by the rigor of the demonstration and the tone of conviction and authority, and also by the absolute sincerity with which the historian describes and the philosopher explains, untouched by either tenderness or indignation, and valuing men exactly in proportion as they represent the essential characters of their epoch, and are moved by the motives which animate it. He will speak in almost the same tone of admiring sympathy of Benvenuto Cellini, who personifies the spirit of the Renaissance, indifferent to good and evil, and only alive to the pleasure of working out its own individuality without hindrance and to the enjoyment of beauty in all its forms, and of Bunyan, the mystical tinker, who personifies the Reformation, with its contempt of beauty in outward things, and its passionate preoccupation with its own soul. His sympathy is the sympathy of the botanist or the zoologist, who appreciates a specimen as true to type. He searches history for the most perfect instances of the different varieties of the human animal. If he classifies and places them, as he does his works of art, according to their importance or their utility, one feels that nevertheless, in his character as a naturalist, all are interesting to him, while his admiration is reserved for those which best conform to type, be the type what it may.

## VI.

NEVERTHELESS, this serenity, which had its source in his necessitarian philosophy, did not accompany him to the end. In this respect his last work contrasts with all that went before it. He is not here content with describing and

analyzing; he judges, and he is angry. Instead of simply displaying, in the fall of the *ancien régime*, the violences of the Revolution and the splendours and tyranny of the Empire, a succession of necessary and inevitable facts, he speaks of faults, of errors, and of crimes; he has not the same weight and measure for the Reign of Terror in France that he had for a revolution in Italy or in England; and after being so indulgent to the tyrants and the condottieri of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries he speaks with absolute abhorrence of Napoleon, the great condottiere of the nineteenth century, and one of the most superb human animals, moreover, that has ever been let loose upon history.

M. Taine has been reproached with inconsistency. It has even been suggested that his severity towards the men of the Revolution was due to political passion, to the wish to flatter the Conservatives, to some vague terror of the perils and responsibilities of a democratic system. Now it is impossible to deny that the experiences of the war and the Commune acted on the mind of Taine; but they certainly did not act upon it in any such mean and childish way. He believed that he saw in these events the tokens and precursors of the decadence of France, the explanation and the consequence of the political convulsions of a century ago. Surely, so far from upbraiding him with the emotion he betrayed, we should rather take it kindly of him that he felt so much, and that, seeing his country, as he believed, on the edge of the abyss, he should have tried to arrest her by the tragic delineation of her perils and her ills.

For the rest, he made no renunciation of either his method or his doctrine; he rather accentuated both. Nowhere has he more constantly employed his habitual method of accumulating facts to establish a general idea; nowhere has he set forward a series of historical events as more strictly determined by the action of two or three very simple causes tending continuously in the same direction. What may be objected against him is this — that he

has too much simplified the problem, that he has neglected certain of its elements, that he has, with all his immense and sometimes wearisome accumulation of facts, omitted other facts which might have served to correct his deductions, and that he has needlessly blackened a picture which, in all conscience, was already dark enough. Such exaggeration as we find in the work is probably due to his love for France, combined with his lack of natural sympathy for her character and institutions. He was like a son tenderly attached to his mother, but separated from her by a cruel misunderstanding, or by a fundamental incompatibility of temper, and whose very affection seems to impose upon him a sorrowful severity of judgment. The seriousness of his nature, averse to all fashionable frivolity, his predilection for energetic individualities, his conviction that true liberty and steady progress are only to be had in conjunction with strong traditions, with the respect for acquired rights, and the spirit of co-operation allied with a sturdy individualism—all these things conspired to make him a lover and admirer of England, and to render him severe towards his own capricious and enthusiastic people—towards a country where the force of social habits overpowers originality of character; where the ridiculous is more harshly dealt with than the vicious; where they neither know how to defend their own rights nor to respect those of others; where, instead of repairing one's house, one sets it on fire in order to rebuild it; and where the love of ease prefers the sterile security of a despotism to the fruitful efforts and agitations of liberty. For France he had the cruel satire of Graindorge; for England the most genial and kindly of all his works, the "*Notes sur l'Angleterre.*" The English poets were his poets by predilection; and in philosophy he was of the family of Spencer, Mill, and Bain.

Such, I believe, are the reasons of the excessive severity of his judgments on France and the Revolution. To take them literally, one would be al-

most surprised that France is still in existence, after a hundred years of such a murderous system; and one marvels at a necessitarian like Taine reproaching France for not resembling England. But, after allowing for all that is exaggerated or incomplete in his representation and in his point of view, we must do homage, not only to the power and sincerity of his work, but also to its truthfulness. He has not said everything, but what he has said is true. It is true that the monarchy had itself prepared its fall by destroying everything that could limit, and therefore sustain, its power; it is true that the Revolution made way for anarchy by destroying traditional institutions, in order to replace them by rational institutions which had no root in history or in custom; it is true that the Jacobin spirit was a spirit of envy, hatred, and malice, which paved the way to despotism; it is true that the Napoleonic centralization is a hothouse system, which may produce early and splendid fruit, but which exhausts the sap and drains the life; and these truths Taine has set forth with a redundancy of proof and a force of reasoning which must carry conviction to all impartial minds. If a salutary reaction takes place in France against over-centralization, the credit will be due in great part to him. And, come what may, we owe it to him that he has propounded the historical problem of the Revolution in new terms, and helped to bring it out of the domain of mystic legend or of commonplace oratory into that of living reality. Here also, in spite of the passion he has thrown into his narrative and his portraits, he has done good service to science and to truth.

#### VII.

I HAVE thought that I could render no better homage to this free, valiant, and sincere spirit, this soul impassioned for the truth, than by saying with all frankness wherein lay, to my eyes, the grandeur of his work, and wherein it fell short through narrowness or incompleteness. It seemed to me that I should be wanting in reverence for his



memory, if I used towards him any of those niceties of considerateness and reserve which mark the funeral oration, and which he took such care to banish from beside his grave. But I shall have ill represented what I think and what I feel, if in these pages I have failed to convey my grateful admiration for one of the men who in our time have, by their character and their genius, most honored France and the human mind. I cannot better express what it was to me to see him pass away than by adopting the language used by a friend of mine in a letter to me, when he received the fatal tidings.

His disappearance is the removal of a strong and clear light from the world. No one ever represented with greater vigor the scientific spirit; he seemed an energetic incarnation of it. And he leaves us at the moment when sound methods—the only efficacious methods—of arriving at the truth are losing their hold on the conscience of the younger generations; so that his death seems to mark, at least for the time, the end of a great thing. And then, for him to die like this, just after Renan!—it seems too much emptiness all at once. There will be nothing left of the generation that formed us; these two great minds represented the whole of it; we owe to them the teaching that came home to us more than any other, and our deepest intellectual joys; our minds are orphaned of their fathers.

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From Chambers' Journal.  
"THE HINT O' HAIRST."

BY MENIE MURIEL DOWIE, AUTHOR OF  
"A GIRL IN THE KARPATIANS."

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER III.

THAT one moment, not longer than any other moment, though so much fuller and more precious, Aveline had given to the past to keep very carefully, and it was laid away among sweet flowers and scents and sweeter memories.

She had now a sort of right in Willie Gordon; he would write to her, and tell her of his arrival and his doings and the date of his return; it made her

happy to know she might feel anxious about his welfare and his comfort; nothing was ever prettier than the little frown of distress she wore on the morning of his departure for Edinburgh. She saw him drive by in the pelting rain and his collar was not even turned up! Silly fellow, to get wet at the beginning of his journey; but then her tender care gave way to pride and glory in her Willie. Rain? Cold? What had weather to do with him? He was one of the people whom storms cannot shatter nor ice freeze! Ah, she was a very proud and happy girl indeed.

She sang a good deal in these days; when she was sure that only the squirrels and the wood-mice could hear her, she sang the little song about Yarrow. Twice she met the postman near the laurel bushes of the Manse Gate, blushing royally when she took her letter from him.

Among certain beautiful things in one letter was the news that Willie was going to London, and would therefore be away three weeks altogether at least; so, as she might not yet take pleasure in the thought of his return, she sat hours by the river thinking over their parting, which had been also their meeting, and dreaming ecstatically of that one moment when he had held her in his arms—a moment that would surely sing through all her life—a moment that could never be forgotten or outdone.

Always a very loving, sympathetic nature, she grew more so; to be loving, to be tender, to be gentle, came easier than ever; and when she sat by sick children in the village, or talked to old women whose sunshine she had been for years, her eyes had learned a smile more winning, her voice had found a note more plaintively wooing than the blue stockdove's in the high fir-tops on the hill-crest when she plains for her mate.

She was so happy, she knew herself so beloved (Willie had written from Edinburgh), that she wanted to make every sorrowful thing more cheerful, wanted to dry every eye; suffering seemed more than ever wrong and ter-

rible to her ; and when she sat smoothing the rough brown hair from Maggie Sinclair's hot forehead the day before the child died Aveline found herself very bitter against the fate that overtook the little girl and caused her to leave her playmates and the bright world that was all smiling for her.

To think that Sir John, himself an invalid, fenced in by every comfort, should have so little care for the people who, ill in the midst of their wretched surroundings, saw nothing but a few hours' suffering between themselves and death ! As she picked up the little yellow kitten that had been dead Maggie's constant playmate, and looked round the miserable cottage, a feeling of loathing for the selfishness that permitted such things seemed to choke her ; Dr. Herries, who attended equally the baronet and the villagers, was a toady, and a man with as little sympathy as a block of granite ; he would never represent their case to the landlord, as he so easily might have done, because, so far as Sir John was concerned, his practice at Foresk House would have been gone forever, and with it a good slice of his income.

The cottagers had nothing to hope from Dr. Herries, whose assistant put up the same eight-draught bottle of "Mixture" for a sciatic trouble or a diseased lung—so it had been whispered in the village.

Aveline was sitting in the cottage of a widow woman called Barclay, whose youngest child had fallen sick the day before ; she was revolving all these things in her mind, this bright, sunny afternoon, nursing the little four-year-old and singing song after song to it in a hushed voice ; but no charm of hers could get the blue eyes to close in healthful sleep, no lullaby calm the fever that burned in the little body, no drink her skilful hands could prepare ease the torture of the small white throat.

That morning her father and mother had been speaking of diphtheria, had been saying that possibly that was what had swept off little Maggie Sinclair ; but the minister had declared that the

swiftness of the disease bore no resemblance to the action of diphtheria—diphtheria could keep you months wrestling with it, could make you delirious for weeks ; no, what they seemed to take in the village was not diphtheria. Mr. Lockhart was one of those wise men who never get past a precedent in their own experience ; whole volumes of accumulated fact did not have half the value of a single instance which had come under his own observation ; consequently, his judgment was apt to be narrow and unsound, for he never counted the exceptions to a rule, the extraneous circumstances, nor the modifying considerations.

How the big sun was shining outside the cottage room ! It was one of those autump days upon which we cannot see him ; he had hung, with a certain massive coyness, a curtain of shimmering golden haze before his face, and pale blue rifts of mist floated over the distant woods and stole up the hillsides to join their fleece-white sisters on the top.

"Wee Meery," as her mother called her, was very silent now ; the soft hushed groans had stopped, and the breaths came with more and more difficulty. Aveline hung over the child a moment and then decided to get a neighboring woman ; there was Mrs. Ballantyne, a few houses down the road, who would come, she knew. As she stopped in the doorway to put on her hat, a carriage and pair passed quickly ; it was the Gordon livery, and Lady Gordon and Rose sat in it. Lady Gordon was looking down slightly, and she had a veil on ; Aveline could not see the expression of her face ; but Rose was very upright, and with a curiously hard look about her eyes and mouth, which rather marred her resemblance to Willie. Neither of them saw Miss Lockhart ; and she herself, as she hurried for Mrs. Ballantyne, wondered what could have given Willie's sister that expression ; she had no idea what Rose suffered on driving through this ill-treated village, where, on every side, marks of her brother's criminal selfish-

ness greeted her. "But he will suffer for his wrongdoing!" she said often in her heart, with a rather Scotch sense of the punishment that rarely tarried; "he will suffer; perhaps that is why he is suffering so. No; now it is only his sins to himself that he is expiating! Ah, poor John! And no one suffers singly; what he is bringing upon mother and Willie and me!"

Lady Gordon and she were going to make two or three calls upon distant acquaintances, and Rose's thoughts were very stern, and far removed from the ordinary lightness demanded by social intercourse as she drove along.

Mrs. Ballantyne was out — Mrs. Ballantyne had just gone "down by." That meant to the village shop, no doubt!

Should Aveline run there, or would it be better to go back to the child? Yes, decidedly; let her go back to the child; something told her it was dying, poor pretty "wee Meery" — and nothing could be done for it now. She had seen Maggie Sinclair die three days ago — she knew what they looked like when they were dying. Tears in her eyes and her heart wringing, she hurried back. The cottage door was open, and some one was leaning over the bed — it was the mother, and a sore cry of "Oh, the wee lambie! Auch the wee lambie!" came at regular intervals as the woman rocked herself to and fro on one knee with the little body in her arms.

"Oh, Mrs. Barclay! I had just run out to get Mrs. Ballantyne to come. I haven't been gone five minutes," began Aveline, shocked to think she had left her post, no matter for what good reason; that Mrs. Barclay should have seen the little thing lying there all alone!

For the poor mother, led by some subtle instinct, had come back from the turnip hoeing — and she had found wee Meery dead.

Three-quarters of an hour later, Aveline Lockhart stood on the steps of Foresk House; her excitement was so excessive that it seemed ages to her be-

fore any one answered her ring; at last a maidservant appeared.

"Can I see Sir John?" she asked, in a voice which a very great effort had made calm.

The woman looked at her; the long, quick walk had made Aveline's cheeks rosy and her hair wild; she looked lovelier than usual, but, to the discreet housemaid's conventional eyes, only untidy; besides, no one ever asked for Sir John, and Miss Lockhart was not on visiting terms with the family.

"Master never sees visitors, miss, unless they are very intimate friends with the family," said Jane, with a magnificent servants'-hall snub.

"Will you be good enough to ask if he will see me? — I have no card with me, but say Miss Lockhart."

Jane sniffed at being offered no card, and held her salver very ostentatiously in front of her; she was not accustomed to opening the door to people who possessed no cards; the few people who did come to Foresk House were county people, hall-marked by their estates, and to them Jane's manner was very different.

"Please go and ask Sir John to spare me five minutes, if he feels well enough!"

While this colloquy was going on, a young man appeared at the window, which, carefully curtained, yet allowed a view of the steps; it was Sir John himself, and he was quite interested and amused. Who was this young woman with the pale golden hair streaming round her glowing cheeks, and a figure as slight and slim as a London lady's? He thought he would send Jeffreys to find out.

Jeffreys, profiting by a rather calmer mood of his master's, had slipped downstairs to have a chat with the other servants, and was for once not in attendance. Very slowly and carefully, but with pale eyes all lit up, Sir John moved across to the door, and opening it behind its thick portière, called, "Jane!"

There was a smile on his lips, an alteration in his whole appearance; he felt more as he had been used to feel

when he was well, strong, and able to be as wicked as he wished.

The servant came at once.

"Who is that at the door?"

"Miss Lockhart, from the manse, sir, and she was asking to see you."

"And you have left her waiting on the doorstep?" Sir John was well aware that he must be overheard, and infused a tone of severe displeasure into his melodious, cultivated voice, a voice that was much softer, much sweeter, most people would have said than Willie's. "I shall speak to you another time, Jane; beg Miss Lockhart to walk in."

He remained near the door, pale, handsome, interesting, and full of a grave, delicate courtesy that had served him so well in other years.

Aveline, in the brown stuff gown and wide brown hat, hair flying, cheeks flushing, and her eyes dark with some emotion as yet unexplained, came in. Sir John bowed with a deference that had never failed to be impressive, as coming from himself, and shut the door behind him, letting the great red portières fall into a sombre background.

"Don't think I am going to ask you why you want to see me; I fear it is only to ask my aid in some parish charity; count on me for that, please; but let me say that to a very dull, disconsolate invalid you are the most delightfully unexpected apparition, Miss Lockhart; my fairy godmother has been thinking of me."

Almost too confused to reply to the elegant playfulness of this speech, Aveline murmured something about having ventured to apply to him, and hoping that her visit was not inadvertent.

He had put a finger on the bell; and the astounded Jeffreys, posted up by Jane, and only too charmed to have an opportunity of seeing with his own eyes, appeared with unaccustomed alacrity.

"Tea," said Sir John, very softly, and barely turning his head. Jeffreys vanished, determined to observe more fully when he came in with the tea.

"Sir John, I have done a very bold thing in coming here like this, and I am sure you will believe that I must

have some very strong reason indeed for coming. I have just seen a sight of very great sadness, if you could imagine——" So much Aveline managed to say of the speech she had thought out and rehearsed during her walk to Foresk; so much and no more, for Sir John interrupted her, courteously, even charmingly, but authoritatively. He had scarcely taken in what she said; he only knew she was stating the object of her visit, was, perhaps, about to go into details with regard to this charity regarding which she had conceived the happy notion of begging personally; she was a minister's daughter, and should be well up in these things, but they were nothing to him; he supposed he could lay his hand on a five-pound note before she left; but meantime, he wanted the novel pleasure of her visit to be unspoiled by practical considerations.

He was looking at her hair, her color, the outline of her face, her eyes—by Jove, what eyes!—and her mouth; best of all, her mouth. What a freshness, what a curve, what coy corners it had; how it would lend itself to the saying of everything that was sweet and charming; how suited, too, to kisses. A mouth to fall in love with decidedly! Then the seriousness of the whole face! the earnestness of the straight brows—the charity was evidently very precious to Miss Lockhart's simple, inexperienced, country soul; and Sir John was immensely amused at what he considered the inappositeness of her expression. Good Heavens, to think of a face like that existing down at Ardlach!

Oh, she must not be allowed to state her case at once, or she would be finished and go away. He smiled whimsically.

"Do you know, Miss Lockhart, I am going to exercise my privilege as an invalid, and I am going to ask you to humor me in something. I don't know when I shall have the pleasure of another visit from you, so I want to make the most of this one; will you please me by trying to imagine you have known me before, will you allow me to

treat you as though I had already enjoyed your friendship for some time? I don't know if you'll agree with me, but I always regret the amount of time one is obliged to throw away upon preliminaries; afterwards, when acquaintanceship has ripened to friendship, the preliminaries do seem so *banal*—now, I'm sure you've found that?" he smiled at her with an almost child-like appeal in his eyes.

"Living here, almost alone—for in my state of health relatives prove peculiarly—what shall I say?—trying seems too strong, but at any rate—living almost alone makes me very grateful for an occasion like the present when I am charged with the entertainment of a young lady."

Aveline had never been spoken to like this before; it made her very uncomfortable; but she told herself that this poor Sir John must have a very dull, wretched sort of life on the whole, and that she ought to say something sympathetic, even if the whole time she were thinking how much more needful of pity were some others.

"I am afraid you must feel it very much, not being able to go out or—but no doubt you read a great deal?" with delicate tact, pausing in the enumeration of those pleasures he must miss, and going on to the possible advantages of his confinement.

"Yes, I do. Oh, I read, of course, a great deal!" said Sir John, with a simple disregard of fact that almost caused Jeffreys to blink as he brought in the tea-things. "Is there no buttered toast?" turning to the servant. "I confess to the fondness of a school-boy for buttered toast, Miss Lockhart."

Jeffreys explained that there was some, he was just bringing it.

When everything was arranged, and the man had left the room, Sir John said: "Now!"—in a tone of high pleasure—"you will pour out for me, won't you? And open your jacket, for I know this room is very hot! I have to have a fire almost always."

"I don't think I want any tea, thank you," said Aveline at last, feeling more and more oppressed by Sir John's pos-

sessive manner. "No, really; I don't feel inclined for any. I have gone through so much this afternoon!"

"Well, then, I shall pour you out a cup, and try to persuade you to take some! After your walk, it will pick you up!" He poured out a cup carefully, smiling at her inquiringly before he put in both sugar and cream; then he brought it over and placed it on a small carved oak stool, which he moved near her chair. Then he paused just opposite her. "You are really looking pale and faint," he said with commiseration, "and I know exactly what you need! Now you are under orders, Miss Lockhart. I get so much doctoring that I am thinking of taking a diploma myself without further study. Here!"—he had been walking about his room as he spoke, but he came to his place just in front of her holding a very small glass with some clear yellowish-green stuff in it. "Drink it! you will find it very nice," he said.

Mechanically Aveline took the glass, more to break the spell of the strange smile with which his eyes sought and seemed to search her face. She sipped it and put it down. "Now, you must regard it as medicine, and take it all while we are talking," he added, still playfully, and seated himself, with a cup of tea, and, this time, in a chair closer to her own.

"How is it, Miss Lockhart, that I have never seen you before? Forgive me, it sounds rude, but I have not even heard of you, except vaguely, and the whole place ought to ring with praises of a face like yours."

This was too much for Aveline; she felt some half-angry tears coming to her eyes; she put down the half-finished glass of liqueur and stood up. "I must be going!" she said, almost shyly—she was so confused, she had found everything so different from what she had expected; the burst of feeling that had been strong enough to decide her on taking this peculiar course, on appealing personally to Sir John, had become diffused now in mere excitement and a sort of tremor; if she had been successful, there would have been



something to write to Willie, but that he should ever hear of this visit—oh, she must get away! But first, an effort, one effort for the cause she had so at heart.

"Not so soon! Oh, please not so soon! We have not had our chat." He got up, slowly, and with obvious pain, and took in both of his the hand she mechanically held out to him. He looked at her now with a sort of poetic wistfulness in his eyes. "Well, if you will go, forgive my asking one question. Tell me your name, will you? Have they given you a name to suit yourself? Do you know, Miss Lockhart?"—in a little burst of apology—"I cannot talk to you in the ordinary way; whether it is the unexpectedness of your appearance, or just your strong personal charm, I don't know—but you seem to me to be the heroine, the lady fair, out of some old ballad or song—you are yourself just a song and a poem!" Nobody could do this sort of thing better than Sir John when he liked; if, owing to unfriendly circumstances, he had to put into a first interview what would have come better in a third, it was not his fault! "Am I to hear the name?"

"My name is Aveline," said the perplexed girl, trying to draw away her hand; "and really, now I must hurry home; but first——"

"Let me at least thank you for coming!"—they were standing up, and he was very near to her, excitement was making him quite strong again, then reflectively, murmuringly: "Aveline—it is lovely! The Lady Aveline!—Good-bye! Stay, I may kiss your hand in homage?" He did so delicately, a long, thoughtful sort of kiss, which sent a shiver all through Aveline's frame in spite of the fact—which she had tried repeatedly to remember—that he was Willie's brother. For a moment her head swam, but she recovered herself with Sir John's next phrase: "You will come again to tell me of the business that is in your mind, for which I am flattering myself that you want my help. It is too late to-day, and I am perhaps giving myself the excitement of too much pleasure."

This he said cleverly enough. He would appear weary, and then she would not worry him with her charity; if she really cared about it, she could come again; if not, he would have had the small amusement of one visit; he would have enjoyed the near presence of this beautiful woman for half an hour at least.

"It will not take a moment, but I must tell you now," she said firmly. "I have come from the village. Have you heard how unhappy they are there? Oh, Sir John, if you could have seen Mrs. Sinclair crying when her little girl died, as I did three days ago—you would have been sorry—oh—sorry! Such a lovely little girl, so fair, so bright—and only eight years old! It was the damp, unhealthy room they had to live in that gave her the disease. Mr. Bowers, your factor, is so hard and cruel, and I am sure you never hear of these things yourself, or you would not allow them to go on! So many of them are ill or sickly, and when the bright, healthy children die, it is—it is time——" She could not help it; she had seen these things herself, and she was sobbing through her appeal. How lovely she looked with all April in her face! Even if it was the old, tiresome story—it seemed worth listening to in this new form.

"My dear Miss Lockhart!" he said, putting one hand on her shoulder, standing very close, and bending his head quite near to the fair curls—"My dear Miss Lockhart, you must not allow these things to distress you so deeply. The village people have so many children, you know. Far more than they can comfortably support; it is providential whenever one or two of them drop off early; it saves so much expense! But really, I cannot bear to see you so unhappy! Ah! you think me heartless?"

"Very heartless, terribly heartless, if you mean what you say!" Aveline said suddenly and in a firmer voice.

"Well, anything to cheer you up, you know."

"Oh, don't mind about me; what are a few tears from me? If you had

seen and heard what I have this afternoon, I think—I think you would have cried too. Oh! poor Mrs. Barclay; she is a widow with four children, so hard-working, poor woman, and just because she has no husband to make a fuss, Bowers treats her worse than the others. Her house is a perfect fever den—Dr. Herries himself said so; he said only people of their class and rats could live and breathe in such surroundings—I heard him say it. But even he is wrong! and they can't live, poor things. Mrs. Barclay's youngest child died to-day, died very nearly in my arms, after being ill only two days! I had been nursing it and soothing it all the afternoon, and——"

"What!" cried Sir John on a sharp, high note—"what?" He put his hand to his head and reeled back against the black oak cabinet—his face was livid with fright. "You have come straight from a place where there is fever—typhus, no doubt; you have been hanging over some wretched brat, absorbing all the infection, and you come *here*—and to ME!" He was gasping, pale, hysterical, almost speechless; his voice lost all its melody, and came high and cracked—he leaned there, holding the woodwork with his nervous hands, staring at her in incredulous horror.

"I came to tell you. I thought if once you knew of the sufferings of your poor tenants, you would see that something was done; I only thought that if I could speak to you myself—I who had seen it all, who had seen these poor little things die——"

"And you come here to me in my delicate state of health, carrying death in your garments? Don't you know what infection is?—haven't you heard of typhus fever? Stand away, stand back! You must be mad to do such a thing; you have conspired to *kill me*, do you hear, TO KILL ME!"

All of a sudden this almost shriek died away, and Sir John tumbled to the floor, foam and blood coming from his mouth. Aveline rushed to the bell and rang it; she had never thought of this; whatever her feelings about Sir

John might be, she had never paused to consider the question of possible infection. For herself, she was brave enough; she thought as little of herself as the young baronet had done. But—

Jeffreys' slow, dignified step quickened when he saw his master.

"You had better go, miss," he said respectfully, looking up as he knelt above Sir John. "Master often faints if he is over-excited; I expect that's just what it is; he's not used to seeing people. He'll come round soon; but if I was you, miss, I'd just go home."

The man's manner was not offensive, though familiar.

Aveline said a few words in explanation, expressed a hope that Sir John would be none the worse, and hastily left.

She went home by the woods, and crossed the little bridge. She had made a terrible mistake in her eager, impulsive desire to act decisively, practically in this difficult matter.

What would Willie think of her un wisdom when she came to tell him, or when he came to hear?

About Sir John's unblushing selfishness she never thought for a moment; he was certainly beneath contempt; but for her own rashness she had unstinted blame and deep regret these many days.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Willie's fair and Willie's rare!  
And Willie's wondrous bonnie,  
And Willie's hecht to marry me,  
Gin e'er he marries ony!

How the little verse had stayed with him during all his comings and goings in poor, stifled London! When he drove from his hotel to his lawyer's the hansom cab wheels played the time, and he found himself, in the middle of Piccadilly, that never thins or slacks for any reason but only congests more and more, singing the pretty words, and thinking of the sweet, bird-like voice that had sung them with so modest a boldness by the Erne's running river, where was a sound at spate-time that gave hints of Piccadilly. That merle of his! He was always think-

ing of her; when should he see her? what should they say to one another?

He loved, and had always loved, every bird that sang in Ardlach woods, and it was only a case of loving more, of loving quite differently this one bird that was his, and that would flute for him only.

Willie Gordon had the strong vein of sentiment that distinguishes his countrymen the world over—that is heard in their music, that speaks in their poetry, that is buried in their hearts. There was something in his love, a quality very subtle and strange, that can only grow in the soul of a true Scot—that is travestied merely in the sentimentality of a German.

He was in London still, going about this difficult business, thinking of his sweet Scotch lassie, when a telegram reached him: "John very ill. Come at once.—ROSE." It had been at his hotel for hours, and they had not known how to catch him, or when he would be in to get it. Willie only stopped to put a few letters and small matters in his pocket, while the hall porter looked out the first train. He had three-quarters of an hour to catch it, and he went upstairs and packed his portmanteau in a leisurely way, sorely troubled all the time.

In an hour he was being whirled northward on the North-western line, pondering and wondering what news would await him at Edinburgh, where Rose would surely have another telegram waiting for him; at their first stoppage he sent her a wire to this effect, for there was always a delay in Edinburgh before getting into the Inverness train, and he would have time to run up to his club.

The last letter from Foresk, a few days ago, had told him that John was worse, was in bed indeed, and that the Inverness doctor who reinforced Dr. Herries on occasion had come over more than once. This, however, had often happened before. Ever since John had come home they had been subject to alarms of the same kind, when, for a few weeks, the attack might at any moment take a serious turn.

Willie was therefore not over-anxious, and now and then allowed his mind to recur to thoughts of Aveline, whom he always pictured singing in the woods by the Erne. He had never seen her in a house; he wondered how she would look sitting by a table with the lamplight falling across her hands and hair—sewing, perhaps, or just calmly reading, with the eyelids slanted over the dark grey eyes.

On the whole, it was not altogether a painful journey; nothing in the world would ever be so painful again as it had been before. Had he not always now a fair beacon-light to rest his eyes on? some one thing in his life that would always be beautiful, always be cheery, inspiring, and comforting? The whole tide of his being set towards Aveline Lockhart; if ever there was a faithful, unerring, unwavering love in this world, it was Willie Gordon's.

He arrived in Edinburgh and walked up to his club; yes, there was a telegram for him—it was a long one.

It told him that his brother was dead.

Willie sat down heavily in the club library with the two sheets in his hand; at this difficult moment he had no consciousness of his own feelings; it was quite mechanical on his part when he got up and walked into the autumn brilliance of Princes Street. Two or three men he knew recognized him and nodded to him; but Willie never saw them, though he saw very dimly the great castle rising out of a morning mist that lent a dimness and unreality to the bases of its rocks. He was only just in time for his train.

He threw himself back in the corner of his compartment, and made the journey gravely, facing and controlling the strong feeling that overcame him.

He had not loved his brother, and he had been forced to disapprove fatally of him. He could have admitted that it was a good thing for every one that a life which was not only useless but hurtful should be ended—a burden to himself, a sorer burden to others; but none of these admissions, reasonable though they were, had anything to do with the deep feeling—which is family

feeling, and is nowhere more at home than in Scottish blood—that filled him in the first presence of his loss.

Now, indeed, his woodland merle could not sing to him! All personal troubles would melt before the music of her voice; the world's woes would recede to a distance at which they would be both bearable and picturesque; but this grief, dark, undefined, but potent, lying in the depths of his being, coursing in his veins—with this Willie Gordon retired within himself, neither suffering nor thinking much, but just watching alone beside it.

In the silent greeting between him and Rose, in the kiss and warm embrace he gave his mother, was his whole strong heart surging up in him. Rose Gordon looked only straighter and paler and sterner than in her frequent strenuous moods; but even she had been shaken to a wondering sort of fear and sorrow at the moment of John's death. This had passed very quickly, and when Willie saw her she was again that slim, clear-eyed figure of Justice, with small leanings to Mercy, to which he was accustomed.

It was for his mother that Willie felt; all the way driving to the house, and often in the train, he had been wondering how the poor gentle woman would bear herself. The disappointment in her favorite boy was an old story now; but, at his death, all the brightness of his promise, all the pride of earlier days, would rise up in her mind and serve to emphasize the impression of his futility. Why are such men born as John Gordon? Perhaps to break the hearts of the women who love them.

Willie spent most of the evening after his arrival sitting with his mother in her own room and stroking her hands. They scarcely said a word, these two; and from an adjoining room came the sound of Rose's pen as she wrote letters and cards to the immense family circle.

By the morning, when he was called on to attend to much business, Willie had resumed his simple, every-day demeanor; he had looked at and accepted

the situation, and, though he said nothing about it, he had found a measure for his sorrow.

He was already accustomed to the "Sir William," with which the servants and dependents had at once, with the mobility of their kind, endued him. Next day, when the warm afternoon, spent in letter-writing, had waned, he and Kate went out together to the Erne side, not exactly because he hoped to meet Aveline, but because he wanted to be quiet and to think. Bowers had dropped a hint of fever present in the village; and Dr. Herries had said that there was a complication in the nature of Sir John's last illness which suggested he had not escaped from infection by the disease that was hovering in the air. This had to be reflected on. If it were so, it proved that God had not forgotten his world; that terrible Judaic justice was still meted out where it was due.

The end of autumn—the "hint o' hairst"—was a dangerous season; only the year before, Rose had suffered from a sort of low fever, which was very unaccountable, but which, Dr. Herries had not seen fit to mention, bore a resemblance to the illness that laid up one or two of the villagers.

The finger had been laid lightly on innocent Rose; but upon John, clothed with the sins of his selfishness, God's whole hand had been laid.

With the faint sweet scents of the woodland all about him, Willie analyzed these thoughts one after another; but having looked at them, he saw they were not good to dwell on. Then the beauty and the mystery of nature stole in upon his mind; the light chill in the timorous wind that played so tenderly among the brittle leaves refreshed him and cheered him. He watched the uneasy swallows, which a single cold day would cause to gather about the big elms near Foresk South Lodge, piping their shrill roll-call among the branches, and shaking down the last of their golden store.

There was that other song of Aveline's that came to him somehow; what was it?

It's dowie in the hint o' hairst,

At the wa'gang o' the swallow,  
When the wind grows cauld and the burns  
grow bauld,

And the woods are higin' yellow.

Well, that was this afternoon! Only the winds would be colder still before the swallows went; Erne would come raging through his rocky channel with the volume of all the mountain and moorland burns in his arms, and the first violence of his winter temper in his stream.

Willie sat on the stone where last time she had been beside him, and the threads of his life began to look as though they might be woven into a bright piece some day; so fleet is time, so quickly does it hurry over crises, or rather, so much living does it crowd into those dull, dreich days which follow them, that the future takes shape out of the broken fragments of our lives, and dark veils taken from our eyes leave a clearer vision.

To-morrow, he would follow his brother to the grave, and listen to the service that he had last heard at his father's death.

Then he would have to enmesh himself in the difficult business that surrounds the succession to an estate, and in his case it would be doubly complicated. He would have a life as busy and as full as it had once been idle; he would devote himself to the tenants; they were *his* tenants now; cut down the expenses at Foresk in such a manner as not to affect his mother and sister; and wisely employ what money he could lay hands on for the immediate improvements required in the village. Among other things, he would be engaged to Aveline, openly, publicly, proudly. He was quite sensible enough to feel that after the constraint, and difficulty, and repression of his earlier years, this liberty and freedom that was coming to him was quite deserved.

He sat, patting his dog and talking to her, sometimes smiling even, as visions of his future showed themselves to him—the future for which he was so ready to use his best strength to make bright for himself and others.

It would be a sweet and lovely home when Aveline, his mother, and Rose—all of whom loved him so—lived at Foresk in the fulness of peace and human-kindness. Their hearts would not then be wrung with tales of suffering they had no means to appease.

In the quiet talk he and his mother had had together the night before, when a subdued sorrow and a timid, just born peace had been apparent in Lady Gordon's manner, Willie had shadowed out the idea very diffidently, and had stolen two or three careful glances at her face; it was a new thing for Willie to be nervous, but when we are making a half-confidence, one eye must always be open to see that our friend's mind has not filled in the other half from imagination.

Lady Gordon had no idea who Willie could be referring to in this visionary, halting conversation, and, in pondering it over afterwards with Rose, decided that he had been speaking generally, and that, as yet, he had not seen the girl he would care to make his wife. Indeed, as Rose said in her practical way, where could he have seen her?

And there Willie sat, thinking over the new future, the new hopes, and reflecting upon the old troubles, now passing away; there was no doubt he would be a good landlord, no doubt that his tenants and his estate would be his first care; and as a rider to every suggestion of his mind came the silver finish of his love for Aveline.

In all that scene he saw her, and his eyes rested on the opposite bank, where her gaze had so often strayed; he saw no more pink scabious, not a flower at all, but just the dry gold leaves hurrying over each dead stem and the decaying calyx. The beech-trees had spread a red carpet underneath their branches, and the elms had laid their shadow court with cloth of gold.

In a few days he would meet her here, and have his first long, uninterrupted talk with her. To Willie Gordon this new confidence between himself and his heart's love would be something more fresh and precious than a May dewdrop in a daisy's eye—it would be



something as rarely held in the hand of a man.

Under the influence of this hope he got off the stone, and Kate followed him through the woods, making the passage over the Lover's Leap as usual beneath her master's arm.

Half-way up the hillslope Willie paused; he and the Foresk woods were in the shadow of their own hills, but the sun, coming through a dip, gleamed on the fire of the rowan clusters on the Ardlach side of the river and threw handfuls of red gold into the windows of the manse; somewhere, perhaps touched by that last sunshine, she was, and there was no one on whom the sun did so well to linger.

When he turned to go on his way, he saw Rose coming towards him.

"I wanted to meet you," she said; "I had something to say."

She turned and walked with him; already she had on a black gown of some sort. After a moment she stopped, and he followed her example; the path was narrow, and each leaned against a tree facing the other; Kate, a little in advance, turned her black head to see if they were coming on, and showed the rose-pink of her mouth and the brilliant glisten of her teeth.

"Willie," Rose began, in some little difficulty, "I am sure you have not heard that John had — had caught the fever that is in the village?"

"I have," said Willie gravely.

"And do you know all about it? Did Jeffreys tell you how it chanced?"

"No; Herries only hinted it, and — I did not question him. Where was the use?"

A little pause fell.

"I think you ought to know," Rose said slowly. "There have been several deaths in the village lately, of children especially. Miss Lockhart used to take great interest in the people, and nursed many of them. I always knew that, and liked it in her. One day, when mother and I were out calling, she determined herself to appeal to John. She had no idea what was the matter with the children; she only knew that the unhealthiness of their houses was

killing them. She came straight from the deathbed of a little child to Foresk, and asked for John. He saw her; she was there a long time — at least over half an hour; Jeffreys saw her of course, and heard about it, but — John told me. He caught the infection from her, we think."

Rose's voice had sunk very low, and her eyes were fixed on her brother; it was as though she wanted him to appreciate the terrible justice of Sir John's death without her mention of it.

There was a long pause, and then Willie, whose mind had indeed grasped this light upon the subject, but who was engaged in dreaming of Aveline's gentle courage, said, more with the air of saying something than because he was interested in it: "Of course one has heard of that — some one carrying infection in their clothes and passing it on to another, who —"

"But you know the poor girl is dead too?" said Rose with simple tenderness, and looking sad for the fate that had overtaken her; "that is so terrible, isn't it?"

"She —"

"Yes, poor thing! She died — I think four days ago. It is very terrible," looking blankly through the woodland; "it —"

She said no more, for her brother swayed round heavily against the tree trunk, put up his arms, and buried his face in them.

"Willie!" She started forward and put a hand on his sleeve. He said nothing; but when she continued to question him he motioned her to go away; and after a little, very perplexed and puzzled, she went.

There is nothing more to say about Willie Gordon. The winds grew colder through the woodland, the autumn mists wound their shrouds around the hills, and the swallows twittered and gathered closer in the big elm-tree where their meeting was every year.

He was alone in the "hint o' hairst," and it was nearly the "wa'gang o' the swallow;" but the lines of the old song that Willie had never remembered wailed through the woodlands now: —

But oh, it's dowie far to see

The wa'gang o' her the heart gangs wi',  
The dead-set o' a shinin' e'e

That darkens the weary world on thee.

He had met the tragedy of his youth through another's sinning; he had had one hope for a little, and then it had been taken.

Truly, his love had been one of those things that "come and gae" and who would watch the pink scabious by Erne's bank next year? His flower, his love, the sun that had shone out over his life for a few days—dead, buried, out of sight of his eyes, deaf to his voice, where his hands could never reach her, however they might yearn.

That a Nemesis should have overtaken his brother—that was justice; that he should have died of the very scourge he had prepared for others—that was justice, bare, awesome, not to be questioned or entreated; but that Aveline should have been the means, the instrument in the hand of Fate, for Fate to use and throw away, and that he, Willie, should be the life-long mourner—what was that?

When he was able to think of it, his revolt against the seeming injustice of this world filled all his soul; but he did not think so till later, and it is as well not to follow him in that mood. Better to leave him in the dim, early autumn night, alone in the great woods, with only his dog beside him; to leave him leaning half-lifelessly against a tree-trunk, the rough, fine pattern of the crisp lichens impressed upon a cheek that was wet with the first tears his manhood had ever known.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE COUNCILS OF A NATION.

HISTORY is to be made to-day. The nation who solemnly dedicated herself to heaven, whose spirit contrasting with her flat shores has suggested the proverb, "Tonga lofty within," with whom the great powers are proud to make treaties, holds her first free Parliament to-day. The eyes of the civilized world are upon her. A British

ship of war will watch the ceremonial with critical eye, and the captain will describe the scene to Queen Victoria. Therefore must no effort be spared to open Parliament with dignity on the English plan. The day has dawned cloudless and drowsy; the hum of the fleecy breakers on the distant reef, the whispering of the great palm-leaves, and the faint tap of the *gatu* mallets, vaguely suggest a reverie in a hammock, with no more substantial clothing than a *vala*; but native garments are unlawful to-day, for Parliaments in civilized lands are not opened in bare legs save in the imagination of Carlyle.

For days past the stores on the beach have done a spirited trade in trousers, coats, and shoes—not the sort of shoes that may be bought by the dozen at any boot-maker's, but majestic fabrics of leather built expressly for the opening of South Sea Parliaments upon a special last fourteen inches long by eight or nine broad. Such shoes as these cannot be used lightly; and so the spiritual guides of the people, when teaching that no self-respecting Tongan should attend church without black coat and trousers, admitted the religious principle that a man might work out his own salvation in bare feet, and the shoes were relegated to the meetings of Parliament.

But the hour is at hand. On the smooth turf between the wooden Parliament-house and the sea, the college students are drawn up in two lines extending from the king's palace to the doors. Outside, the brass band and a guard of honor, composed of the entire army of thirty men, are drawn up to salute his Majesty. Within, the king's chair has been placed in the centre of the crimson dais; and the crown, the heaviest in the world, reposes on a sofa-cushion supported by a three-legged table. The benches are filled. The sergeant-at-arms, clad in full uniform and lawn-tennis shoes, has ushered the nobles to the seats below the throne on the right of the House, and the representatives of the people to those on the left. The cabinet ministers, headed

by the aged minister of finance in a naval frock-coat and checked trousers, occupy the front bench. Lower down sit the distinguished foreigners in British uniforms, and behind them a motley crowd of invited guests. There is a movement outside, and the sergeant-at-arms vainly endeavors to clear a passage through the overcrowded house with his gilt scabbard. The door is darkened, and he gives way before superior strength. The Princesses Charlotte and Anna Jane—the former barefooted, but majestic with her masculine stature, the latter not less imposing with her nineteen stone encased in magenta satin—sail through the crowd, which closes in like the waves in the wake of a ship.

At last! The Tongan National Anthem, the rattle of saluting arms, break the suspense, and George Tubou, the oldest reigning monarch,<sup>1</sup> strides into the room, followed by two aides-de-camp—the one dressed as an English admiral and the other as a colonel of the Colonial Defence Forces. No grotesque surroundings can destroy the dignity of the king. His sober black coat is in marked contrast with the bizarre attire of his subjects. A sovereign who wields absolute power may well tire of pomp and circumstance after his ninetyeth year. As he takes his seat his great-grandson, the colonel, a boy of seventeen, steps forward, and unrolls the Speech from the Throne. His reading is a sorry performance, owing partly to the tightness of his tunic, and partly to defective education; but we gather that the speech consists of the usual ministerial platitudes, congratulations upon “our cordial relations with the other powers,” and promises for the future. There is a very brief allusion to the revolution of twelve months ago, when an ex-missionary, who as prime minister had for years abused his position, was dismissed from office, leaving an empty treasury and an accumulation of debt. He, the king, gave thanks to God that these

clouds were happily dispersed; it was for the legislature to provide for the future by revising all the laws and regulating finance. Being convinced that their efforts in pursuit of civilization would not be crowned with success until they mastered another language besides their own, and that national prosperity could not be assured unless the population ceased to decrease, he had provided them with a schoolmaster for their mind, and a doctor for their bodies. In conclusion, he commended them to God, and trusted that there would be no more dissension between the Churches—a hope which the rival missionaries will take care to disappoint, seeing that to proselytize successfully the first efforts of each must be directed towards rooting out the other sects.

At last the youthful colonel stumbles to the end of the speech, not without an impatient exhortation from his Majesty to speak up, and the king rises and walks out, followed by a mob of senators and invited guests of every shade of color. The band dash recklessly into the triumphal march from Tannhäuser, struggle awhile, and arrive breathless at the end within a bar or two of one another.

Thus had the morning been devoted to propriety; pleasure was now to have its turn. In half an hour not a black coat was to be seen. Elderly gentlemen, who an hour ago excited mirth in the garb of Christy Minstrels, now strode into the sunlight in all the dignity of native cloth. Groups formed wherever a tree-top cast a patch of shade. Strings of men, swinging their limbs with the glorious freedom man enjoyed before the invention of trousers, filed up and flung their burdens of pig and yam upon an ever-increasing heap, while a *claque* of aged men shouted approval. Let us withdraw. Roast pig scents the hot air. In ten minutes the members of both Houses will be pig-smeared to the elbows, and who knows whether we may not be called upon to shake hands! Civilized man is out of place at a native feast. Let them enjoy themselves to-day, for

<sup>1</sup> Since this article was written, news has been received of King George's death on February 19, of an attack of influenza.

to-morrow will bring debates, shoes, and the knife and fork.

At ten o'clock next morning H.M.S. Cordelia steamed out of the hazy reef as the great wooden drum announced that the business of the country was to begin. The House had been cleared for action. On the dais the throne was replaced by the speaker's chair; and a long table, at which sat four clerks of the Parliament, took the place of the visitors' benches. Two sentries of the guards and four stalwart policemen, drawn up at the door, saluted us as we went in. Both Houses were in their places, — Nobles on the right and Commons on the left of the chair. The Cabinet had a bench to themselves among the nobles, and below them sat the governors of districts. There were sixty-eight members in all, only one of whom was a foreigner, who sat *ex officio* as one of the king's ministers, with the newly invented portfolio of *Fakahinokino*, or Expounder of the Dark Ways of Civilized Man.

Lords and Commons stare at the ceiling without intermission for twelve minutes by the clock. At the end of that time a messenger is despatched to Tungi the speaker. He had been in sight when we came in, but being stouter than formerly, and a bad walker at any time, he has had to rest his shoe-tortured feet every twenty yards of the road. At last there is a movement behind the dais. Claude, sergeant-at-arms, clatters in and cries, "The Chair!" (*Koe Sea*). We all rise. Tungi climbs the dais, panting. Physically he is fitted for his office, for never did man wear wisdom so plainly written on his face. The only small thing about him is his stature, which, small as it is, is dwarfed by an enormous head and face. The half-closed eyes and square jaws suggest the State secrets of half a century. No human cunning could overreach such a face; it would have foreseen and circumvented the trap before it was even devised. Tungi is followed by the Pontifex Maximus of Tonga clad in decent black, and wearing an expression of deprecating piety. Like the

proconsuls of the later empire, this dignitary, having cast off the yoke of the religious body who sent him as missionary to teach the heathen peace, turned his arms against the powers that sent him, and as head of the Free Church of Tonga vanquished the Wesleyans, and gave to his native flock a taste for warring churches. His attitude to-day is not warlike, for his stipend from the government as royal chaplain figures in the budget. He gives out a hymn; the member for Vavau, who forms the choir, bellows the tune, while the rest follow him two octaves lower pianissimo. Then the House shades its eyes with its hands while the prelate wrestles a while in prayer, and discreetly withdraws. There is a pause. Then the chief clerk (who, by the way, is supposed to be undergoing imprisonment for flirting) calls the roll. The new members are now to take the oath. The two Roman Catholic members object to be sworn on the Protestant Bible, and a clerk runs in hot haste for a Roman Catholic version of the Bible in Tongan. He returns with a thick shiny covered book, which the two members kiss cheerfully. I examined the book afterwards. It was a French and English dictionary. We had reason to remember the terms of this oath, since most of the Commons held that to discharge their duty as representatives meant to oppose the government, whether right or wrong, upon every question submitted to them.

The first business of the day was to move an address in reply. As this gave an excuse for adjournment, it was relegated to a Select Committee of six, while the rest of the House trooped out to smoke *sulukas* in the shade. Of the Select Committee, five betook themselves to the arduous task of rolling the leaf and hunting for a box of matches, while the minor business of drafting the address was thrust upon the foreigner. He prepared an eloquent speech, exhausting, as he thought, the capacity of the language in expressing satisfaction at every announcement in the speech from the throne. It read

a little flat, perhaps ; but when he wrote the king's speech it had not occurred to him that he would also have to reply to it. But his draft fails to give satisfaction to the committee. It is handed to the premier as a skeleton to work upon, and it comes forth glorified, bristling with expressions of gratitude of which he had never dreamed. It is adopted unanimously. The sergeant-at-arms recalls the House by shouting to them from the doorstep. The address is read. At the words, "We feel confident that God will avert religious strife, for he is the God of peace," I see a cynical smile curl the lips of Hoho the Romanist. Doubtless he is thinking of how, less than a year ago, the Free Churchmen and Wesleyans were invoking heaven's wrath upon one another.

The party the government have most to fear is the contingent from Vavau, who have talked sedition for months, and longed for Parliament as a vent for their grievances. All save one, however, mean to wait for a better opportunity than the address in reply. The exception is Manase, governor of Vavau, a pillar of the Free Church, and a bitter opponent of the government he serves. Till now it has been a disputed point in the Cabinet whether Manase shall be impeached for misconduct or not. Blindly he rushes on his doom. "The address is good," he says, "with one exception. Why was a schoolmaster appointed without consulting the wishes of Vavau ?" Three cabinet ministers rise at once. "Is it becoming," asks the auditor-general, "in a governor appointed by the king to question the wisdom of his Majesty's action ?" The House murmurs. Manase, poor wretch, would explain ; but the House wants no explanation, and he has to sit down crushed and humbled. Manase has the face of an apostle, but he must have the brains of a mule, or he would have let the disappointed candidate for the post of schoolmaster fight his own battles.

By the time the address has been despatched to the king by the hands of the chief clerk the wooden drum has

begun to beat. Aged nobles whose eyes had been getting dim, and whose heads had fallen forward, started and straightway threw off twenty years of their burden of life. The whole House fixes its gaze on the clock. It is the dinner-hour, and the speaker, with an indulgent smile, adjourns the House. A stream of black-coated legislators hobble to a long white building not two hundred yards away, and besiege the doors as if it were the pit entrance to the Gaiety. A bolt is drawn, and both Houses of Parliament surge inwards. There are two long tables, each accommodating forty guests, the one reserved for the Lords and the other for the Commons. Ministering to their wants are twenty copper-colored maidens, selected for their beauty from a host of competitors by a committee of the House some three weeks ago. As far as feature goes, they do not do much credit to the taste of the committee ; but I am told that at the last moment their hearts failed them, and they chose the first twenty that offered, defending themselves by the plea that, if they had used discrimination, the rejected fair ones would have taken their own lives to escape from the humiliation. These damsels have been ordered to appear in white dresses without lace or other ornaments. They have treated the order with the scorn it deserved. The ox-eyed Sau, breathing propriety with every sigh, is dressed in white satin trimmed with furniture lace, and has a crimson sash coquettishly tied round her waist ; the demure Vika, demure only in the presence of her elders, has broken out in bugles of jet, and a cincture of native cloth. The trader who supplied her striped *vala* will be sold out of that pattern to-morrow, for in Tonga the fashion is set by the pretty girls. When not engaged in languidly handing plates, these damsels whisper and giggle in the windows, and hide their blushes on each other's glistening shoulders. Fish and yam, turtle and yam, pork and yam, turkey and yam, and so on ; seventeen courses in all, concluded by rice boiled to a pap and half hidden in brown sugar, and yet



scarce a plate goes away with enough to show what had been on it. And many of these aged senators had accomplished the feat hampered by a knife and fork ! The Lords are allowed a glass of sherry and a glass of beer each ; the cabinet ministers half a tumbler of rum in addition ; the Commons have to content themselves with beer only. At last the chaplain hammers with his knife-handle, and says grace. Our places are taken by as many of the civil servants as can muster trousers and shoes. There follows a fatal half-hour, during which the fell effects of such a dinner become apparent. When the bell rings members sink into their places, glare determinedly at the ceiling for a few moments, and lapse into unconsciousness. The sergeant-at-arms, having drunk neither *ele* nor *lamu*, rises and creeps stealthily towards the Lords. Such of the members as still retain consciousness crane their necks in breathless excitement. He is stalking Havea, Lord of Haapai. Catlike he creeps on, gold-mounted scabbard in hand, poises the weapon over the bowed head, and — Havea starts up with an exclamation which I could translate exactly, though I never heard it before. The House indulges in a well-bred titter. Meanwhile the clerks are looking round the House, and making frequent entries in a book. It is the Book of the Sleeping. I have since heard Hoho, the Roman Catholic, asserting that the insertion of his name was a malicious libel. His *lotu* compelled him to pray at noon, and to pray he had to close his eyes. The clerk retorted that if he could not begin prayers with a hymn, as is the usage of any respectable sect, he too must go into the book. After-experience taught us that the morning before the *ele* and *lamu* was more suitable for committees, and the afternoon for third readings — for during the third reading even the sergeant-at-arms would close his eyes. The speaker, too, after recovering himself with several violent efforts, succumbs. The monotonous voice of the premier has long ago lulled to sleep the most active of the opposi-

tion. When the voice becomes silent the speaker thunders out the question, eyelids tremble open, and hands go up. "Those who are against the motion will hold up their hands ;" but the eyelids have all closed again, and the bill defining the procedure of the courts becomes law. It is high time to adjourn.

The business of the session being to enact a complete code, and to sweep away all former laws, time is valuable, and the premier expresses the hope that the House will not waste time in opposing such parts of the Code as are transcribed from the Constitution, and are necessary only for completeness. "The king is supreme over the chiefs and people, but his ministers are responsible for good government." Rises Hoho, representative of the Roman Catholics, primed by the French priest. Tall, attenuated, and Mephistophelian, he looks more like a Spaniard than a Tongan. Not only does he speak the words of another, but with palms turned outwards and uplifted shoulders, he has even caught the French gestures. "Why," he asks, "should the king be supreme, and why should the ministers be responsible ?" He, for one, can never vote for such a measure. The House snorts impatiently. The premier points out that the words are transcribed from the Constitution, and that Hoho should reserve his steel. The Spanish Jesuit retorts that he resigned his post as schoolmaster to make him eligible for election, that he has taken a solemn oath to do his duty to the utmost of his ability, and that if he did not oppose this measure he would not be doing his duty. At this all the members with a reputation for intelligence start up, slap their chests, and quote the terms of their oath. The sergeant-at-arms rages up and down, calling upon all but Uilame to sit down. William is understood to say that he respects his oath, but defers to the wisdom of the nobles. The Jesuit springs to his feet with the sense of having the whole Catholic hierarchy at his back, and passionately exclaims, that if comparisons are made between the two

sides of the House, he thinks *he* knows on which side wisdom will be found. There is a solemn hush. Aged noblemen gasp and make a mute appeal to the speaker, who rises in agitation. "Never in the whole course of his parliamentary experience had such a terrible insult been offered to the chiefs of the land. That a commoner, a vile commoner, who after all was only there to listen to the words of his superiors, should have dared to throw decency to the winds, had never happened before. But, thank heaven, he was there to deal with such cases. Without stood the dark cell; within the sergeant-at-arms. To the cells the vile commoner should go." The oration lasted twenty minutes, during which the "vile commoner" sat with bowed head until the storm should pass over him. The nobles thank the speaker with their eyes; there is an awkward pause. The premier, who has been looking very uncomfortable at this exposition of the liberty of speech, about which the government organ has been singing so joyously of late, fills the breach by reading the next section. The volatile Kubu, minister of police, edges up to me, and whispers that Tungi has gone too far, and that I must restrain him. When the next question is put, not one of the Commons will vote. Another storm is brewing, so a message is conveyed to the speaker from the Treasury bench to adjourn. As the Jesuit stalks out a group at the door cry derisively, "Go thou with the priest to France!" In the evening comes an indignant protest from Father O—. "The republic has been insulted, and when the news reaches France her anger will be terrible,—France, the loving friend and protector of Tonga! Is Tonga unmindful of the benefits she has received from the great republic?" (Tonga has good reason to remember them, for the last benefit was the visit of a ship of war, commanded by an angry captain, who forced the Tongans to build a Roman Catholic church for the priests against their will.)

A mild reproof must have been conveyed to the speaker before the morn-

ing sitting; for, prayers over, he rises to apologize to the Commons for the strength of his language overnight. They look pleased. He goes on to point out the severe provocation he received, and as the full magnitude of the insult is borne in upon him he lets fly again, and gives the Commons a severer lashing than in the speech for which he rose to apologize. The ministers cover their faces, and the Commons look sulky. The premier seems to wish that the speaker was not his father; he implores the Commons to believe that they have the fullest liberty of speech,—in short, not to mind what his father says. After a long silence Villi Tai rises. His heart is subdued by fear; in spite of his oath he no longer dares to speak. The Commons sadly shake their heads.

The House is now to go into committee. The premier moves that the speaker vacate the chair, and that Ata, Lord of Hihifo, be chairman of committees. The chair is vacant, and all eyes turn to the new chairman. He has disappeared apparently under the bench. The sergeant-at-arms impatiently calls his name; he reappears heated with exertion. "Why don't you go to the chair, Ata?" "Pardon me until I have put on my boots." There is the sound of a scuffle, and Ata rises heated but victorious. In committee each member may speak as often as he will, or can persuade the sergeant-at-arms to permit; for the gold-hilted sword is no idle tapper of sleepy heads; it also pronounces who shall address the House. In Tonga a member does not catch the speaker's eye—he catches the sergeant's sword.

"The premier shall provide accommodation for the members of the Legislative Assembly," etc. Tuuhetoka rises with troubled face. "It is a good law, but this year it was not obeyed. When I came to Haapai on my way hither I wandered up and down the beach hungry, and slept on the cold sands, and—(laughter). There is nothing to laugh at. I was——" He got no further. The speaker waved his hand, the gold-hilted sword was raised,

and he sat down and poured the rest of his story into the ear of the member next to him. At this point the doors swing back, and two maidens enter, bearing lemonade and glasses, and a plate of oranges ready bored for sucking. The speaker, minister of police, and chairman of committees suck oranges, and a youthful nobleman tries to trip up the maidens as they go out.

In Titipu, according to Mr. Gilbert, flirting is punishable with death; in Tonga the penalty is penal servitude. Whether the severity of the punishment or the frailty of human nature is to blame for the prevalence of this crime I know not, but whatever be the cause, the police force are so actively engaged in hunting down the delinquents that they have neither time nor inclination to attend to burglaries, thefts, or other less interesting offences. Although flirting has furnished laborers for public works, besides a revenue of some thousands of dollars annually, the government proposes to allow the police to devote their energies to the suppression of other crimes, and let each man prosecute the delinquents in his own family if he will. This proposal evokes a passionate debate. Vili Tai opposes the measure in a burst of fiery oratory. He quite sees that it may suit Britain or France to regard flirting as an offence against the individual, but in Tonga, at least, it is a crime against the State. For have not the Tongans solemnly dedicated their country to God? Pointing to the royal arms blazoned above the dais, he cries, "What other nation has the right to that motto, 'God and Tonga are my inheritance'?" If you quote what is done in *Bilitania*, I will quote the motto of the nation!" There is a murmur of applause. It is in vain to point out that restricting the functions of the police is not in itself likely to call down the divine wrath. The sluice-gates of Tongan eloquence are open, and cold common sense can never stem the flood. Another enthusiast fixes a rapt and inspired gaze on the ceiling, and demands whether the House will dare to break

faith with God. "It may be true that under our present laws our country is becoming depopulated, but better we should perish from the face of the earth than break our solemn covenant with God." William, who generally talks sense, reminds the House that thirteen years ago a similar measure was passed, and within three months an epidemic seized the people, but when the measure was repealed the sickness abated. He only mentions the fact to remind the House that the Almighty does expect higher things from Tonga than from other countries. At last the closure is applied, and the government carries the motion by a bare majority of two. That evening Mataka, the chief clerk, reads it to the king, sitting on the floor at the old man's feet. When the fateful words are reached the king expresses disapproval, and declines to sign until it has been taken back to the House. The news leaks out, and at the next division the ministers are left alone. A Tongan has no convictions that are not shared by his king.

The steamer from New Zealand brings the news of the ravages of influenza in England. After prayers the speaker proposes a vote of sympathy with the British House of Commons, who have lost thirty of their members by illness, and in a moving speech returns thanks to heaven that this Parliament has been spared. It is an eventful day, for the customs tariff is to be discussed, and many of the Commons, primed by the European traders, will be in vehement opposition. Foremost is the Jesuit, who wants light wines, the beverage of the priests, admitted free. The Cabinet take counsel and cunningly propose the appointment of a Select Committee, composed of the most dangerous of their opponents, to draft the mercantile laws. Henceforth a Select Committee sits till the small hours, fortified by the *kava* bowl and unlimited tobacco. Opponents are converted into champions, for what they have understood in committee they are ready to support in the House against all ignorant attacks. But the House is reasonable, and even generous. There

was an excuse for exempting native vessels used only as yachts from the coasting dues paid by steamers and vessels plying for hire; but they prefer to tax themselves with the rest, lest it be said that they incline to one-sided legislation.

Hansard, meanwhile, is growing to unmanageable dimensions. The clerks take down every speech in shorthand, and sit up, poor wretches, laboriously copying out the mass of incoherence until daylight night after night. Not the smallest spoken word passes unrecorded. It is time for a brief holiday, for the House has sat for two weeks; the sick-list is heavy; and many noble-men who take the air in native dress cannot attend the House until their feet have recovered from the penalties attaching to boots. The speaker announces a holiday for the morrow, "that you may wash your shirts and be tidy for Sunday."

Monday opens stormily. Manase the orator makes a tremendous speech upon the recent history of the country, incidentally alluding to the magnanimity of the king. The House seems moved—perhaps by his eloquence. There is a long and ominous silence. Then a noble of Vavau, with a grey, military moustache, rises to order. He has with difficulty contained himself, he says, during the last indecent speech. What does Manase think? Have the Lords of Hahavea no feelings? Do they like to be reminded of the past? The Lords of Hahavea glare responsive at the ceiling. I ask my neighbor Kubu what Manase had said to hurt their feelings. He whispered that the king conquered them years ago, and, contrary to Tongan custom, restored their lands to them, and to speak of the king's magnanimity recalls unpleasant memories. I mentally resolve not to make the most distant allusion to Tongan history.

During the last few days the seventeen courses at dinner have begun to tell, and many seats are empty. The scale of entertainment has been kept up, lest invidious comparisons with a former *régime* should rouse dangerous opposition to the premier, who caters

for the table. But to-day the premier is able to announce that by special arrangement the doctor will prescribe gratis for all the members in need of medical treatment. An hour or two later I was attracted to the dispensary by the sight of a dense crowd, doubtless brought there by some bad accident. On getting nearer I found that crowd to be composed of legislators. There could not have been a dozen members left in the House. Within the dispensary was the newly arrived doctor, heated and gesticulating, trying to drive back the mob of senators, who were all trying to describe the peculiar symptoms of stomach-ache from over-eating in dumb-show. I was not surprised that the doctor talked of resignation before the end of the week.

I was absent from the first reading of the Minor Offences Act. When I came the premier, who is not often moved to express himself strongly, was rating the House in unmeasured terms. He had not believed, he said, that the Legislative Assembly of Tonga could so far forget itself as to indulge in such a disgraceful scene. What would be said of Tonga if such a thing were known outside the walls of that House? What respect for Tonga could any civilized nation retain after hearing of her shame? The Commons seemed quite overcome by a sense of guilt. "What has happened?" I whispered to Kubu, minister of police. "A disgraceful thing." "But what?" "A shameful thing." When Osaiase Puaka (Osaiase Pig) was speaking, some of the Commons pretended to cough, and shuffled their feet." The House had been lashed by the speaker, before his son took them in hand, and Kubu described his remarks as "very heavy." He spoke to me afterwards about it. "I was so glad you were not here to see our shame," he said; "if the miscreants had not been so many, I would have committed them all to the dark cells. I suppose if such a thing were to happen in the British Parliament the delinquents would go to prison?" "Ye-e-s," I answered. "But such a thing never has happened?" "Oh no; though I have heard of it happen-

ing in the French Parliament," said I, and thought of the House during one of Mr. Conybeare's speeches.

For some days Havea, a Lord of Haapai, has been absent from his seat. To-day it is whispered that his complaint is unnamable—in other words, that leprosy, the scourge of the Pacific, has seized upon him. It makes one a little nervous to remember that until a week ago we were sitting and eating with a leper; but the consternation on the faces of my colleagues is due to other causes. For by Tongan etiquette it is forbidden in polite society to speak of leprosy at all, and it is more than questionable taste to speak of the illness of a chief; but to describe a chief as a leper is utterly impossible. But the thing must be done somehow, and the premier nobly fills the breach. They had all heard, he says, about their dear friend, and they all mourned at the report. It was probable that Havea's friends were pining for him at home, and therefore it seemed only right that they should sacrifice their own wishes, and alleviate the longing of Havea's friends by allowing him to return to them. At the same time, it was right to say that the doctor had pronounced that the report about Havea was not entirely true—in short, that the proximity of Havea was not likely to render his companions liable to the same remarks as those made about Havea. But Tuuhetoka was less guarded. "I am in favor of gratifying the longing of Havea's friends to see his face. Nay, more; to the westward are a number of delightful islands, which I know Havea is longing to visit, where every wish may be gratified, and where—well, where the wind would blow so nicely from us to him that Havea would be more than happy." I improve the occasion by urging the establishment of a leper settlement to check the alarming increase of the disease; but I soon flounder hopelessly, and before I am aware of it I utter the forbidden word *leprosy* (*kilia*). The House shudders, and I am covered with shame. To effect a diversion, I describe the labors of Father Damien at Molokai.

At the adjournment, Jesuit Hoho says, "I come to thank you for your words about the priest Tamiene. I shall report your words to my priest and the bishop, who will be much gratified."

There is a fierce battle over the Taxes Act. The majority want a reduction. The government, knowing that any reduction will mean a deficit in their budget, declare their intention of resigning in a body if they are beaten. Then the aged Niukabu rises sobbing, and cries aloud, imploring the premier not to act *fakapapalagi* (in white man's fashion). "We are all Tongans, not white men, therefore pity us and reduce our taxes." But the ministry are obdurate, and Niukabu's sobs are drowned by those who dread a change of ministry more than taxes.

Now the rest of the triumphs of the ministry, and their impeachment of Manase, and the parting dinner that they gave to the members of both Houses, and the strong *kava* that they drank, and the tears that they shed at parting—are they not written in the pages of the Tongan Hansard? Other kings may reign over Tonga, other nobles sit in the seats of the wise, but the memory of the first free Parliament of Tonga will never fade.

From The Nineteenth Century.

#### THE FINANCIAL CAUSES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

##### II.

IN the early days of the monarchy, Parlements had been instituted in France to frame domestic laws, dispense public justice, and carry out the decrees of the crown. They were high courts of justice, magisterial bodies whose members acquired their offices by purchase on the nomination of the crown. In ancient times, in order to obtain for their arbitrary rule an appearance of popular sanction, and in the confident expectation that the magistrates would at all times obey the royal commands with unquestioning docility, the kings had enacted that their decrees must receive the assent of the Parle-



ments before they could come into operation, by being, in the language of the day, "registered" by them. But though they were subordinate to the royal authority and had no political power, the Parlements, that of Paris especially, soon evinced a spirit of independence and opposition to the government of the day which has always been a feature of the French character. They refused to register the financial decrees of the king when these bore too heavily on the nation, a refusal which took the form of a "remonstrance." As a rule, however, these remonstrances were ineffectual, as the king could overbear them by summoning a *Lit de Justice*, where he appeared personally amongst the magistrates and compelled them by word of mouth to register his decrees. Though the king maintained his authority, the remonstrances addressed to him by the Parlements eventually brought home to the minds of the people a sense of the grievances under which they labored, while his indifference to their sufferings provoked their anger and distrust. On this account the Parlements acquired great popular influence, an influence justified by their public conduct, and increased by the fact that, as their appointments were often made hereditary by purchase, many families were enabled to hand down from one generation to another the worthiest traditions in connection with parliamentary offices.

During the reign of Louis the Fourteenth the influence of the Parlement had been overshadowed by the commanding personality of the king. In the first portion of it their opposition was stayed by his appeals to their patriotism on behalf of the great undertakings which were raising France to the foremost position amongst the civilized nations of the world, and during the latter period by the fact that the country was imperilled by invasion, and that sacrifices were demanded to save it from ruin. When peace had been concluded, however, and security restored, the people were able to concentrate their attention on the internal

affairs of the country. They then began to see that the feudal caste had lost its power though its vexatious privileges remained, that the sole executive was vested in the king, who abused his authority, and thenceforward that spirit of opposition which had lain dormant both among the middle and lower classes began to revive.

The first serious conflict between the Parlements and the king arose upon a religious question, a conflict at which it is necessary to glance, as it stirred up public feeling and tended to bring into prominence the financial questions of the time. In 1713, two years before the death of Louis the Fourteenth, the famous bull "Unigenitus" was promulgated by the pope, at the instigation of the Jesuits. That the king was merely actuated by obedience to the pope in supporting the abuse of the ecclesiastical power involved in this bull may be open to doubt; it is far more likely that he wished to conciliate the clergy, who might be expected in return to support him in his despotic proceedings. The Parlements rose at once against this attempted encroachment of Rome on the civil authority, and the Jansenist cause was eagerly espoused by the people. It would be well-nigh impossible to describe the enthusiasm with which the inhabitants of Paris entered into this conflict. Contemporary writers state that the whole town upheld the Jansenist doctrine, without comprehending its real meaning, merely because Rome, the Jesuits, and Versailles symbolized in their eyes ultramontane, clerical, and monarchical despotism. "The nation is above the king, as the king is above the pope," was the motto inscribed on the Jansenist flag. The wider Jansenism spread, the more the court condemned the sudden growth of public opinion; it stigmatized the Jansenists as "factionists"—a term which in 1750 was changed for the first time into "republicans."

The moral support the Parlements received from the people in resisting these infringements of their legal authority emboldened them to oppose

with more vigor than perhaps they might otherwise have shown, the proposals for fresh or excessive taxation brought forward by the crown. Such proposals were met by them with repeated remonstrances, and struggles on financial and theological grounds continued throughout the whole reign of Louis the Fifteenth. As far as the efforts of the Parlements to resist ecclesiastical abuses were concerned, the struggle was carried on with alternate success by both sides. At times the clergy suffered, some priests being condemned to perpetual banishment, or, if they failed to surrender to the court, they were condemned to the galleys; at others the Parlements had to give way, and occasionally the magistrates were even arrested and exiled. In 1773, at one of these crises, the three hundred and eighty members of the Parlement of Paris sent in their resignation in a body, and as they left the court, amid the plaudits of the crowd which had gathered in the streets, they were hailed as "these true Romans and fathers of the country." Victory may be said, however, to have rested finally with the Parlements, as in 1762 the Jesuits were banished from France. But though the king thus, in a sense, gave way in the clerical contest, he did so chiefly in order to have a freer hand in the financial one, which was of more immediate moment to him, as, in face of the growing public opinion which had supported the Parlements, he found himself unable to deal with the financial situation unless he either obtained or compelled the assistance of these bodies. It would be tedious to enumerate the many occasions upon which the remonstrances gave rise to serious conflicts between the Parlements and the Cour des Aides and the crown. Being freed from the Jansenist trouble, the struggle ended as it only could end under an absolute monarchy. In 1763 the king prohibited all remonstrances, and, at the same time, peremptorily called upon the Parlement to register his decrees without delay. In the following year he went a step further. The Parlements had been invited to

lay before him proposals for financial reform, but before they could comply another "invitation" was addressed to them to abstain from submitting any such proposals, which was supplemented by a declaration that the printing, selling, or hawking of any plans, works, or writings concerning the reform of the administration of the finances was henceforth prohibited. The advisers of the crown were becoming alarmed at the position which the Parlements were assuming. Their remonstrances were gradually being extended to every subject and every department of the State, and constituted a serious obstacle to the royal authority, and to the powers which the sovereign had wielded from time immemorial. Louis the Fifteenth, thoroughly alive to the value of his prerogatives, readily listened to these suggestions, and in 1776 admonished the refractory magistrates in the following dignified, if autocratic, strain: "It is in my person alone," said he, "that the sovereign power resides; it is from me alone that the courts derive their existence and authority; it is to me alone that the legislative power belongs without any division; and the whole public order emanates from me." In pursuance of the doctrine of royal supremacy here laid down, the king ceased to notice the remonstrances which the Parlements and the Cour des Aides were perpetually addressing to him. These bodies now took higher ground, insisted that the royal prerogative was being enlarged and should be curtailed, and that no decree relating to taxation could be legally enforced without the fiat of the Parlements; but, nevertheless, in the teeth of these declarations, the king compelled the carrying out of the financial measures he had ordered. Finally, in 1771, matters had arrived at such a pass that the king executed a *coup d'état*. The magistrates of the Parlement of Paris were arrested like malefactors at dead of night, dispossessed of their offices, and another tribunal established in its place. The magistrates, who carried with them into their exile the admiration of the people, were not restored to

their offices until after the accession of Louis the Sixteenth.

The Parlements undeniably deserve great credit for their resistance to the financial impositions of the crown, but the value of their services cannot fail to be depreciated in our estimation by the knowledge that they never seemed to think of, much less advocate, the one measure of reform which could have had any enduring effect in placing the fiscal affairs of the country on a sound basis — the equalization of taxation. The incumbency of high parliamentary office carried with it a patent of nobility and a consequent exemption from taxation, and the magistrates in the enjoyment of this exemption had neither the public spirit nor the wisdom to assume any share of the burthen of taxation. Had they done so at that time, when the Revolution was still unthought of, and when the spirit of opposition, though active, displayed no tendency to violence, much of the trouble that ensued would probably have been averted, as it would have been difficult, if not impossible, for the rest of the privileged orders to refuse to follow their example. The Parlements were indeed mainly responsible for the delay of effective financial reform, and for the inadequacy of that reform when it eventually came. For this reason the results of their action were as ephemeral as was their popularity, as in the increasing gravity of the situation the services they had rendered were forgotten, and the victory the king had gained over them had the effect of temporarily establishing his autocratic powers more firmly than before. But the importance of these conflicts in another aspect cannot be too strongly enforced, because they led directly to the formation of public opinion, focussed the attention of the people on the maladministration of the finances, and created the conviction that a radical rearrangement of fiscal burdens was a vital necessity. The controversies between the king and the Parlements formed the theme of discussion in countless pamphlets, which, both in point of numbers and virulence, resembled the political

publications that marked the earlier portion of the English eighteenth century. These publications were prohibited by the authorities, but their issue went on practically unchecked. In material they were, as a rule, poor, but they diffused a knowledge of the abuses of the fiscal system among the people, as they all insisted that the taxes were exorbitant and unfairly assessed, that they crippled agriculture, and imperatively needed readjustment. It was an ominous condition of things, as a spirit of scepticism, that had already been aroused by the Jansenist agitation, was going far to undermine the stability of existing institutions and the power and prestige of the crown. All competent observers regarded the outlook with profound anxiety, and foresaw the dangers that must follow upon the arbitrary proceedings of the king. Voltaire, writing in 1764, said: "Everything that I see is sowing the seed of a revolution which must inevitably come, but which I shall not have the pleasure of witnessing. Frenchmen are slow in arriving at an object, but they arrive at it in the long run. Light has become so abundant that an explosion will take place at the first opportunity, and then we shall have a fine uproar. Young men should feel very happy, as they are destined to see great things." Four years later, Grimm wrote: "The disquiet which agitates the minds of men and leads them to attack religious and political abuses is a characteristic phenomenon of the century, and foreshadows an imminent and inevitable revolution." These prophecies were supplemented by Madame Campan, who refers in her memoirs to "the habit which the cultured classes have assumed of discussing the institutions of the State, which are fast falling into ruin, so that the century cannot close without some great revolution in France." Though they were both aiming at a common object, there was no joint action between the philosophers and the Parlements, as some of the former — Voltaire especially — upheld the absolute power of the crown; but at the same time their teachings tended to

bring the *Tiers Etat* into prominence, enabling them to assume for the first time a position of great influence to which their intellectual culture and wealth entitled them. Among the men of letters, the school of economists or physiocrats devoted themselves particularly to showing the necessity for financial reforms. They advocated the abolition of all pecuniary privileges, and paved the way for Turgot and Necker, who, however, but partially attempted to carry out the proposals of the physiocrats, whose schemes were only realized by the Revolution. Though the physiocrats adhered to many time-worn fallacies, they also preached many truths, and none of their doctrines struck the mind of the public more forcibly than that a prosperous state of agriculture was essential to the prosperity of the State. But, however good their intentions may have been, the economists failed, as the Parlements had failed, to indicate the only reform which could render a sound financial administration possible — the equal distribution of the burthens of taxation. Enlightened as they were, and considerable as was the work they accomplished in preparing the minds of the people for the advent of a drastic change, the bane of the French eighteenth century was upon them; they were dominated by the spirit of caste, and by the belief in the rights of the privileged orders, at any rate, in fiscal matters. Though the deluge of pamphlets, and even of works of enduring value and excellence, served to strengthen the force of public opinion by exposing and attacking the iniquities of his rule, Louis the Fifteenth, until death closed his ears to the grievances of his oppressed subjects, maintained his absolutism unimpaired. Without any desire to exculpate him from the obloquy he so justly deserves, it must be confessed that the system of public finance then prevailing in France offered him every opportunity and even inducement for indulging a reckless extravagance. Strict secrecy was observed as to the financial transactions of the State, and the national accounts were so

loosely kept that they constituted no check whatever on his personal expenditure. In fact, the whole fiscal system of the time would have been sufficient to perplex the subtlest and acutest of our chancellors of the exchequer, and it was far more than the controllers-general could be expected to cope with. In the first place there was a huge deficit, which was annually accumulating — a deficit to which the disastrous Seven Years' War contributed not a little — and there were no available means of diminishing it, though the liabilities it produced could not be evaded. National loans, as they are understood at present, were then unknown, and even if they had been known, it is very questionable whether the bulk of the population could have taken them up; and had they taken them up, it is still more questionable whether the exchequer could have paid the interest on them. In Russia, it is true, in the second part of the eighteenth century, the Empress Catherine, by issuing paper money, maintained the splendor of her court, as well as a constant warfare, with a depleted exchequer.

On arriving here [says the Comte de Ségur, in 1786, writing from St. Petersburg], one must give up all the notions one has of the financial operations of other countries. In other European States the sovereign can compel the obedience of his subjects, but not their opinions. Here even public opinion also is subservient to the sovereign. The mass of bank-notes, the certainty that they cannot be reimbursed, the debasement of the coinage, which deprives it of half its value — in one word, everything that in other States would lead to bankruptcy and the most disastrous revolution, fails to impair confidence in the slightest degree; and I am convinced that were the empress so to will it her subjects would accept leather instead of gold.

In 1786 public opinion in France had freely developed and ripened; but during the first portion of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth it was only in the bud. Moreover, the Russia of the eighteenth century and the France of that period were very different, and the ignorant and loyal subjects of Catherine were evidently quite content to accept

the paper on which was stamped her counterfeit presentment as readily as if it were gold. But the French were far too independent and sagacious to confide blindly in the credit of the government and accept a wholesale issue of worthless bank-notes in lieu of money. The losses entailed by the financial operations of Law had taught the people to be on their guard. Ready money was essential to the controller-general to meet his liabilities, and as the royal exchequer was in a chronic state of emptiness, whilst the need of money was imperative, the king sought to supplement the proceeds of the taxes by sending his plate to the mint, an example which was followed by the nobility, who were ever anxious to demonstrate their loyalty to the crown. In this manner countless artistic treasures were lost to posterity.

The financial confusion was aggravated by the entire unpreparedness of the treasury to meet unforeseen demands which were constantly cropping up, and by the absence of any systematic attempt to make provision for the liabilities of the State. The only object the controllers-general ever had in administering the finances was to tide over the embarrassments of the hour; they lived from hand to mouth, regardless of the ultimate consequences of that policy. Taxes were imposed and collected; extraordinary receipts were realized when they were required; but no preliminary estimate was ever made of the resources of the revenue. The same uncertainty prevailed with regard to the expenditure. The expenditure of the current year was the only guide followed in estimating that of the ensuing one. There was no such thing as the division of the public revenue into financial years; no definite period was fixed for carrying out the estimate of each separate budget, and the collection of the taxes often remained in arrear for two or three years. Neither Turgot nor his successors were able to deal with the bewildering condition of the public accounts, which required the summary procedure of the Revolution to bring about its amendment. The

difficulties the controller-general had to contend with were further increased by the arrangement under which all the public moneys were paid into the *Cours des Comptes*, thirteen courts situated in the different provinces and in Paris. These courts were supposed to control the collection of the taxes, but they were subject to no general supervision, and each kept its accounts after its own fashion. An abstract of these accounts had to be sent periodically to Paris, but the manner in which they were kept was so complicated and confusing that the superior court could exercise no effectual check upon them, and could obtain no clear evidence of the total amounts of the receipts and expenditure. Moreover, the floating debt had not yet been originated. There was, it is true, a floating debt in the shape of bills which the minister drew whenever he had any pressing engagements to meet, and had no available money for the purpose. But, like all the other financial arrangements of the State, this was carried out in the most haphazard manner. The bills were negotiated with bankers or State contractors, the returns of some tax or taxes for the ensuing year being given as security. But, as has been already said, the taxes were not necessarily collected within the period named for the purpose, so that when the bills fell due there was no money to take them up, and they had to be renewed sometimes again and again, each fresh renewal of course entailing a fresh commission. Colbert originated this system of forestalling the receipts of the revenue. Thenceforward it developed into a regular practice, and the amount so forestalled increased from year to year. Thus we find that in 1770 the sum forestalled was only 150,000,000 livres, whereas in 1776 it had mounted up to 800,000,000, and in 1781 to 1,600,000,000.<sup>1</sup>

The manner in which the secret service money was disbursed introduced another element of irregularity into the

<sup>1</sup> There were various kinds of livres under the ancient monarchy, and the value of the coin fluctuated, but about the beginning of the eighteenth century it became equivalent to a franc.



management of the public accounts, and further conduced to rendering the task of ascertaining the true state of the exchequer practically impossible. It was deemed expedient to withhold even from the magistrates of the *Cours des Comptes* a knowledge of the way in which certain sums under this head were allocated, a precaution which was, to a great extent unnecessary, as part at least of the secret service money was applied to the ordinary requirements of the State. But this practice afforded the king unlimited opportunities for indulging his wasteful inclinations, as he could draw any sums he chose from the secret service fund, by merely giving a receipt in the words "I know the object of this expenditure." As the amount of the secret service fund varied at the pleasure of the king, there were no means of ascertaining beforehand what sum would be required for it in any given period. All that the controller-general knew was that the sum was always enormous, and that it generally exceeded a hundred million livres a year.

The king would have done well had he followed the example of Madame de Pompadour in the matter of keeping his accounts, whose bookkeeping, at any rate, was of a pattern worthy of imitation. Prodigal as this well-abused lady was, every sou she received or paid away during the nineteen years of her favor was duly entered in her books. After her death it was found that in that period she had cost France the sum of 36,327,268 livres 12 sous 6 deniers. The average revenue of the crown at that time from all sources was about 370,000,000 livres a year; so that an approximate idea of the scale on which the king's munificence was based can be obtained from the money he lavished on the leading favorite.

In considering these sums it is necessary to take into account the alteration in the value of money, brought about by the altered conditions of life then and now. Taking, for instance, the incomes of prominent professional men in those days, and comparing them with what we know to be the incomes of men

relatively in the same position now, we can get an idea of the extent of that alteration. Barbier mentions that a M. Norman, one of the best lawyers of the day, had an income of 50,000<sup>1</sup> livres per annum, which was then deemed very considerable for a man in his position. It may be interesting to compare with this the professional incomes of English barristers at the same period, from which we can gather that they were much on a par with those of their French contemporaries. Sir John Cheshire, a leading counsel in the last century, has left a note-book showing that for the six years succeeding his appointment as serjeant his fees amounted to an average of 3,241l. per annum. The income of a counsel about the middle of the last century who had exceptional advantages is disclosed by the fee-book of Mr. Charles Yorke, the son of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, and afterwards chancellor himself. In his first year his practice only brought him in 121l.; but it increased so that when he was ten years at the bar his professional income was nearly 2,500l.<sup>2</sup>

In 1769, when the Abbé Terray was controller-general, the condition of the finances had become desperate. He was a man of much ability, but utterly devoid of character, and wholly unscrupulous as a minister. On the 18th of February of that year, finding it impossible to stretch the revenue so as to meet the heavy liabilities of the State, he issued a decree which was equivalent to proclaiming national bankruptcy. By this decree he suspended for an indefinite period the payment of drafts to the value of about 200,000,000 livres, which had been drawn upon the receiver-general of the taxes by the finance minister, in anticipation of the revenue receipts of the current year, a breach of faith that spread ruin among the creditors of the State, who belonged principally to the *bourgeois* class, while it dealt a fatal blow at the financial credit of the government. As late as the time of Necker's fall, in 1781, eighty millions

<sup>1</sup> About 2,000l.

<sup>2</sup> Foss's Judges of England.

worth of these drafts still remained unpaid. In 1771 the Abbé Terray went a step further, and promulgated a decree reducing the interest on the perpetual annuities purchased from the State by one-fifteenth, and the life annuities by one-tenth. He contended that this was a legitimate operation, on the ground that as the value of the principal of the sums invested to produce these annuities had been diminished — by the disgraceful mismanagement and malversation of the finances — it was only fair that the interest should be reduced in proportion; his argument in effect being that, as the owners of these annuities had already been defrauded of a portion of their principal, it was only equitable that they should suffer a proportionate loss of interest. In recent years we have witnessed, not only in England, but on the Continent as well, conversions of stocks by which the interest has been diminished. But these conversions only take place when the stock is above par, and the holders of them have no reason to complain, as they have the option of either getting back their money at par or of accepting the new stock at the reduced rate of interest. That Louis the Fifteenth was not unaware of the state of public opinion produced by Terray's act of repudiation may be gathered from the words he used on his deathbed; but though he then expressed repentance for the scandal his private life had occasioned to his subjects, he added that to God alone did he owe any account of his conduct as a ruler. He may have been conscious of his vices, but he made as little effort to reform them as he did to conciliate public opinion in financial matters, as he might have done by reducing the heaviest item of his expenditure, a reduction which would have been a more effectual and practical piece of economy than sending his plate to the mint. This item was his household. Any visitor to Versailles may form some estimate of the expense of keeping up an establishment in that vast palace, which, despite the plundering it underwent during the Revolution, is still a monument of national art,

which, though dedicated to all the glories of France, is nevertheless fast falling to decay because of the expense its maintenance would entail. It is almost impossible for us to conceive what Louis the Fourteenth and his successor deemed to be the obligatory household of the king of France, who lived like an Oriental potentate, secluded from the inquisitive and critical eye of the populace of Paris, but who, at the same time, wished to dazzle his subjects, as well as royal visitors from all parts of the world, by the pomp of the throne. It must be admitted that to have reduced that expenditure and display, even could it have been done, would have diminished the prestige of the monarchy. The king was the sole fountain of honor and emolument; every advancement, every favor, depended on him alone. "The object of the greatest personages of both sexes," says M. Taine, "of laymen and clergymen, the chief object of their lives was to be at every hour of the day under the eyes of the sovereign, and within reach of his voice." "I would prefer dying to being two months without seeing the king," wrote Marshal Richelieu to Madame de Maintenon. Vanity and self-interest continued this tradition under Louis the Fifteenth, and courtiers eighty years of age were known to have passed forty-five years of their lives waiting in the ante-rooms of the king, the princes, or the ministers. It was the aim of the life of noblemen to hold even the humblest court appointment, and to lodge in the meanest garret of Versailles. The many sacrifices the nobility had made in the wars, and the ruinous condition of the finances, had so seriously diminished their wealth, that every minister and official looked to the favor and bounty of the king for his advancement. In those days, civil and military service were not rendered to the country, but to the king, on whom all public officials were dependent for their livelihood. But he, in his turn, depended upon them for their services, and he could not have freed himself from the bonds in which he was thus held without endangering the

safety of the crown. The result of this mutual dependence on each other was that the crown and its resources were being strangled in the tentacles of a vast octopus, from which heroic measures alone could have liberated them. The costly pomp which Louis the Fourteenth had instituted was continued by Louis the Fifteenth, oblivious of the progress of time and civilization, and unmindful that the glamour that it was sought to preserve around the throne meant the ruin of the people.

Of the magnitude, splendor, and cost of that royal establishment we can form a notion from the fact that the population of Paris at that time was only 600,000, whereas the household consisted of 6,000 persons, with stables containing 2,000 horses and 300 chariots; three distinct hunting and six sporting establishments, together with an army of 1,500 lackeys, whose liveries alone cost 540,000 livres a year. There were seventy-five officers connected with the king's chapel alone, and forty-eight physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, attached to his person. D'Argenson, writing in 1751, says: "It is asserted that there are 4,000 horses in the king's household, and that this year alone his single person cost 68,000,000 livres, or one-quarter of the public revenue." As late as 1780, 383 men and 133 boys were employed for the king's table, which cost 2,177,771 livres, together with 390,000 livres for those of the king's aunts, and 1,000,000 for his sisters-in-law, bringing the total charge for the royal tables alone up to 3,660,941 livres per annum. At the death of Louis the Fifteenth the annual expenditure of the king amounted to one-twelfth of the whole revenue of the State; and if we take into account the households of the various members of the royal family which were supported by the State, as well as the cost of the nine or ten thousand household troops, the outlay under this head amounted to one-eighth of the entire revenue.

Louis the Sixteenth effected various reforms in the household, but with the result that the court dignitaries, whose

pockets suffered in consequence, revenged themselves by making fun of the king's parsimony and turning him into ridicule. Nevertheless, Turgot's retrenchments amounted to 5,000,000 livres, an attempt at economy which contributed to bring about his disgrace. "You are in too great a hurry," said Malesherbes to him; "why do you want to do so much at once?" "Because," answered Turgot sadly, "you forget that in our family we die of gout at the age of fifty." In fact, Turgot died seven years later, at the age of fifty-four. Necker was more fortunate than Turgot, but what he saved with one hand he lost with the other. Court intrigue was too strong for him, and his comparatively trifling household reforms were counterbalanced by the costliness of the court favorites. Madame de Polignac, for instance, received on the same day 400,000 livres to pay her debts, and a marriage portion for her daughter of 800,000 livres.

But the household was not the only item in the expenditure of the king that drained the public purse. Perhaps one of the most indefensible of the many financial abuses of the eighteenth century was the pension list, which even Louis the Sixteenth, economical and ever ready as he was to act upon the advice of his ministers, was unable to restrict. These pensions nominally awarded out of the privy purse for public services were in reality given indiscriminately to private favorites and unworthy persons. That every minister on his resignation should receive a pension of 50,000 livres was justifiable, as well, perhaps, as that his widow should receive 30,000 livres, but that each of his daughters should get from 4,000 to 10,000 livres a year made the system a scandal. In the same way other high dignitaries of State, and even in the higher magisterial offices, obtained hereditary pensions; an example of which is afforded by the case of a Mlle. de Maulde, who, as late as 1790, secured a pension of 4,000 livres, when only fourteen years of age. There was Madame du Deffand, the friend and correspondent of Horace Walpole, who, in

1763, got a pension of 6,000 livres from the king because — to use her own words — her aunt, the Duchesse de Luynes, had been a friend of Marie Leczinska. Numerous examples of the same kind might be quoted. Madame de Lamballe was granted a pension of 40,000 livres, and Madame d'Andlau, aunt of Madame de Polignac, obtained a pension of 6,000 livres, though she had been exiled from court for a grave dereliction of duty. Later on, when the secrets of the administration were disclosed by the Revolution, it was found that the family of Polignac received pensions, the greater part hereditary, amounting to 700,000 livres a year; and that gifts to the value of about 2,000,000 livres were given to the Noailles family alone. In 1774 the Abbé Vermont wrote to Maria Theresa that "by an immemorial custom of the French court, three-fourths of the places of honor and pensions were given not in return for services, but through motives of favoritism. Such claims were based formerly on birth and connections, but lately they have had no other foundation than in intrigue." Even the finance ministers of Louis the Fifteenth appreciated to some extent the absurdity of the pension system, and at one time an effort was made to reduce the then existing pensions. Under this reform the pension awarded to Madame du Deffand was cut down to 4,800 livres, whereupon this lady remonstrated with the minister. The sincerity with which he had entered upon this economy was then shown by his reply, that although it was true that the old pensions must be reduced, there was no reason why new ones should not be granted, and forthwith Madame du Deffand had her loss made good by the granting to her of a new pension. An idea of the drain these pensions constituted upon the exchequer can be gathered from the following figures. In 1763 the pensions granted by the king amounted to 8,600,000 livres, in 1774 to 10,400,000, in 1776 to 16,500,000, and in 1781, the year of Necker's dismissal, to 23,814,988 livres.

Louis the Fifteenth must have been cast in a heroic mould to have been able to free himself from this incubus. But he was not a hero, nor was the age in which he lived a heroic age. Still, selfish and indolent as he undoubtedly was, he had sufficient penetration to perceive the extent to which he was being preyed upon by the vultures of his court. It is recorded that when driving one day with the Duc de Choiseul, he turned to him, and asked, "What do you think was the cost of the carriage we are sitting in?" The minister, having pondered a minute, replied that he thought he could buy one the same as it in all respects for from 5,000 to 6,000 livres; but he added that, as the king must pay *en roi*, and seldom in ready money, it might have cost him 8,000 livres. "You are far from the right figure," rejoined the king, "for this carriage cost me 30,000 livres!" Choiseul some days afterwards reminded the king of this conversation, and said that if he would support him he would redress the abuses of the royal expenditure. "My friend," answered the king, "the robberies in my house are on a colossal scale; but it is impossible to stop them, as too many people, especially too many influential people, are interested in their continuance. My ministers have always begun by attempting to introduce something like order into my affairs, but they have been frightened to proceed, and abandoned the task in despair. Cardinal Fleury was powerful; he was master of France; but he died without carrying out any of the plans he had formed. Believe me, it is better not to trouble yourself; and to let ineradicable vices alone."

This sketch of the financial condition and administration of France during the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, incomplete as it necessarily is, may still serve to convey an adequate impression of the herculean character of the task with which Louis the Sixteenth found himself confronted. France not being a homogeneous country, but composed of a group of autonomous provinces, with conflicting institutions and interests,

the young and inexperienced prince found the whole system of local administration an impenetrable maze of detail, and that of the fiscal administration a mass of confusion and disorder. Sixty years of misgovernment and corruption had shaken the foundations of the throne, and destroyed the public respect for the clergy and nobility, whilst modern civilization was asserting its influence, and concurring, with other causes, to render a radical change inevitable. A system of fiscal wastefulness and maladministration which was endured in the early part of the century was no longer possible. Absolute and unquestioned as yet was the authority of the king, he was powerless to effectuate any reform without the co-operation of the privileged classes. It must be remembered that some of the enlightened members of the nobility had become ardent radicals and reformers, but their vague talk in the *salons*, witty as it may have been, their wild declamations in the *cafés* and clubs, their contributions to the revolutionary literature, and their participation in the American War of Independence, only weakened the existing institutions without producing any cure for the evils under which the country suffered. Moreover, however laudable may have been the exertions of these members of the ruling caste in the cause of liberty, the leading nobles still clung desperately to their vexatious and obsolete rights. Dukes ridiculed the new economy that had come to be practised at Versailles, and dowagers who were offended by Marie Antoinette's infringement of the old etiquette, and her preference for the society of her friends in the seclusion of the Petit Trianon to the stately pageantry of the old *régime*, became the originators of the calumnious stories which were later on so freely circulated against her. Because their interests were touched by the reforms of Turgot they conspired to bring about his fall, but, with extraordinary inconsistency, when Necker, whose financial reforms were of a far more serious nature, was dismissed, they ostentatiously made pilgrimages to his country resi-

dence as a mark of their sympathy. This spirit of opposition to the established order of things displayed by these conspicuous personages was only too readily imitated and improved upon by the people at large.

The great problem, however, with which Louis the Sixteenth and his advisers found themselves face to face at the time of his accession, though studiously concealed from the people, was the gigantic deficit in the exchequer.<sup>1</sup> The buoyant disposition of the French people caused them to imagine that all the abuses and vices of the old system had sunk into the grave with the late king, and that under the new rule of a youthful prince, who was known to be influenced by the best and most conscientious motives, the millennium must necessarily begin. The young generation was carried away by noble impulses, and indulged in dreams, hopes, and illusions based on misleading appearances. They never attempted to fathom the depths at which rested the foundations of the monarchy; they never tested the soundness of those foundations on which they wished to reconstruct a new edifice; they did not realize that an absolute monarchy could never continue to subsist on the support of a debased upper class, and that

<sup>1</sup> In 1774 the perpetual annuities and rentes amounted to 90,000,000 livres, representing a capital debt of 1,500,000,000. The gross revenue was then 375,000,000 livres, but the net revenue was only 215,000,000, against which there was an expenditure of 236,000,000 livres, showing a nominal deficit of 21,000,000 livres, but the real deficit in that year was about 50,000,000. Turgot reduced it to 40,000,000 livres. In 1787 the deficit had increased to 112,000,000, and in 1788 to 140,000,000. The revenue had also increased to 472,000,000, and the expenditure to 527,000,000 livres, consequently the deficit was 55,000,000, to which must be added 76,000,000 for bills due and 29,000,000 for extraordinary expenses; so that the total deficit was 160,000,000 livres. In 1789 Necker announced a deficit of 56,000,000, but did not mention the sums due for bills, which were then from 75,000,000 to 80,000,000 livres. In 1789 the interest on the perpetual rentes and annuities was 162,000,000, in addition to which a large sum had to be paid on forestalments and various other debts. The capital of the rentes was 2,170,000,000; reimbursements, 585,000,000; forestalments, 270,000,000; loans from the Pays d'Etat, and the Caisse d'Escompte, 220,000,000; finally, the amounts to be paid to the holders of offices, 1,200,000,000. Consequently the total indebtedness of the State in that year was over 4,500,000,000 livres.



there was no longer that loyalty and affection for the throne among the other classes on which alone a constitutional monarchy could depend for its existence.

The first seven years of the reign of the young king were called the Golden Age by those who survived the cruel times that followed them, as their ignorance of the dilapidated state of the finances and the self-deception in which they indulged inspired the young generation with an illusory confidence. Owing to this circumstance, for which the reforms with which Louis the Sixteenth inaugurated his reign gave some ground, there was a great revival in the prosperity of the country. The cost incurred by France in the War of Independence further impoverished the State; but nevertheless the returns of the *fermiers-généraux* showed that individual wealth was increasing, and, according to Arthur Young, in the twenty years from 1768 the shipping trade of France doubled. Agriculture was depressed, but trade flourished—a remarkable change, considering that the old injustices of administration still continued, and that trade and industry still groaned under feudal restrictions and the oppressive monopolies of the corporations. But the impositions of the treasury on the poorer classes had become of less frequent occurrence, taxation had been lightened, and large sums were devoted to charitable purposes. This prosperity was as fleeting as the national contentment was misleading, being based not on any substantial ground, but only on unjustifiable expectations of the future. For the preceding thirty years every capable observer of the progress of events and every leading political economist had expressed the conviction that a revolution was inevitable, though they probably never realized to themselves the full significance of the term, nor what a revolution meant in such a country as France.

As early as the year 1756, M. d'Argenson insisted on the necessity for a fundamental change in the system of government, and the suggestions he

put forward for that purpose proved prophetic, as they were fulfilled by the Revolution. He proposed that France should be divided into departments, with the appointment of local magistrates and mayors in the smallest villages; he recommended the establishment of uniformity of weights and measures throughout the country, the institution of tribunals of commerce, councils of trustworthy men, the holding of agricultural conferences, and the establishment of free education. He even thought of laying out the Bois de Boulogne and the institution of companies of omnibuses. He advocated the principle that trade "should be as free as air, because liberty elevates, while arbitrary authority corrupts and debases everything it touches." These were statesmanlike suggestions, but D'Argenson also somewhat chimerically expressed the wish to see an absolute king the head of the philosophers and the self-constituted leaders of the reformers of the State. But if Louis the Fifteenth was not the man fitted to fulfil D'Argenson's ideal of monarchical rule, Louis the Sixteenth was equally incapable of carrying forward the much more extensive reforms which the still worse condition of the country at his accession demanded.

In doling out such concessions as he decided upon, Louis the Sixteenth, though unconsciously, was acting in obedience to public opinion. The answer given by the octogenarian Maréchal de Richelieu to the young king, when invited to describe the three different reigns in which he had lived, shows how public opinion had progressed, in face of all obstacles, during the century. "In the time of Louis the Fourteenth," replied the veteran, "one dared not say a word. In that of Louis the Fifteenth, one spoke under one's breath; now, under your Majesty, one says what one chooses." The very reforms Turgot set on foot laid bare to the people, in their full injustice, many of the abuses of which hitherto they had been only half aware. By the publication of his memorials to the king, for the first time they obtained some

knowledge of the arbitrary fashion in which the revenue had been always raised, and of the still more iniquitous manner in which it had been spent. His conscientious efforts were worthy of all praise, but his disclosures altogether shook the belief of the people in the virtue of government. They saw that their share of the taxes was excessive; that these taxes were unjust and arbitrary, and that the exemptions enjoyed by these privileged classes were part of an intolerable system. The climax was reached on the publication of Necker's "*Compte Rendu*." Inaccurate, misleading, and untrustworthy as a national budget, it attacked the whole financial system of the day, impugned the arbitrary administration of the monarchy, exposed in all their injustice the disorders of the past administration and the lavish expenditure of the public money on the court.

The "*Compte Rendu*" brought about the fall of Necker, as the immense popularity it secured for him inflamed the jealousy of the prime minister Maurepas, who at once decided to procure his dismissal on the first opportunity. The inordinate conceit and vanity of Necker soon gave him that opportunity, as he demanded admittance to certain court functions, from which his birth excluded him, and, moreover, he claimed to become what we might term a cabinet minister, for which, as a Protestant, he was rendered ineligible. When the king refused these demands Necker tendered his resignation, which, much to his astonishment, was accepted. Great doubt may be felt as to whether, under any circumstances, he could have remained much longer in office. It is true that Maurepas was an octogenarian and died soon afterwards, but, had Necker even waited a few months to urge his claims, he probably would have succumbed to some other court intrigue, and to the incapacity of the king, who not only failed to recognize the merits of his minister, but perpetrated the blunder of breaking the continuity of his financial policy. Necker at any rate might have retrieved the mistakes

of his administration and have proceeded with his reforms in the spirit in which he had begun them.

The case of Necker was pleaded by Marie Antoinette; nevertheless, he fell. Considering the strength of her influence, was it likely that he could have maintained himself at a future time? But what would have been the result had Louis the Sixteenth persevered even with Necker's reforms? That question has already been answered. In my humble opinion, no effective reform could have been carried out owing in the first place to the aristocratic system. The financial condition of the country and of its administration were intimately associated with the aristocratic institutions, and could undergo no really salutary change so long as these institutions were not remodelled. But it is questionable whether, even had they been remodelled, any good could have resulted. The people would no longer tolerate their exclusion from all part in the management of their own affairs. Could any minister have coped with the difficulty of filling up the colossal deficit of the Treasury—a problem which the States-General were unable to solve, and which eventually led to national bankruptcy? The inference to be drawn from the examination of the ministries of Turgot and Necker is that Turgot was a man of genius, but being deficient in tact was wrecked on the shoals and quicksands of court susceptibilities and greed, between which he was not courtier enough to steer a successful course. Necker was a man of the greatest ability, honest and disinterested to a degree, as he devoted a great part of his fortune to the needs of the State; but he can hardly be termed a genius, as he did not possess a commanding grasp of affairs, dealt with symptoms instead of with primary causes, and failed to show that prescience which is one of the attributes of genius for statesmanship. A great fault of Necker's administration was that though he did not increase taxation, even during the French participa-

tion in the War of Independence, he borrowed too freely and largely, forgetting, apparently, that by taxation alone could the interest on these loans be met. Though the financial outlook seemed to be better during his ministry than it had been for many years, yet the fundamental vices of the financial system remained untouched, and the money raised by loans was not procured by the State from the nation at large, but from groups of private individuals. At present, not only in France, but in most European countries, a large proportion of the population hold government securities, and, consequently, are interested in the order and welfare of the State. But at the end of the eighteenth century the pecuniary interests of the French State were in the hands of comparatively few financiers, who were always trembling for their security, and made losses for which they sought to recoup themselves, partly by obtaining high official salaries, partly by speculating in the financial dealings of the State. Consequently their personal interests became involved with those of the State, and being ultimately threatened in their private fortunes, they were the first to cry out for reform in the existing state of things. They thought it was possible to separate the financial from the general reform of the system of government, and had no apprehension that the work of emendation once set on foot would inevitably provoke a general revolution.

Still it has been asserted by many historians that the Revolution would have been averted had Louis the Sixteenth been endowed with the genius of a Napoleon. It is not altogether unprofitable, and it is decidedly harmless, to rewrite history according to our fancy, or in the light of our knowledge of recent events. But the history of our century may teach many useful lessons to those who would rewrite that of the eighteenth. It has taught us that the autocrats of this century differ immaterially from those of preceding ages, and are no more disposed to divest

themselves of their absolute powers than their predecessors were, or to grant reforms to their subjects, however pressing and moderate their claims may be. This has been illustrated by the revolutions in Austria and Germany in 1848, and by that in Italy in 1859-60. "Mon métier est d'être royaliste," coldly replied Joseph the Second, the liberal and enlightened ruler of Germany, to the excited courtier who brought him the news of a victory of the Franco-American over the English troops. Louis the Sixteenth could not have been otherwise than a royalist, though he was liberally inclined, and readily carried out every reform that his ministers recommended. It is true that he was weak, and bent like a reed before every breath of influence. Had he, as has been suggested, possessed the genius of a Napoleon, he might have grappled with the difficulties that surrounded him, governed his people himself instead of being governed by incapable ministers, compelled the privileged classes to obedience, and stifled sedition with grape-shot. But it may be replied that it would have been nothing short of a miracle had a prince nurtured in the atmosphere of Versailles, and in the traditions of the eighteenth century—the heir of the Bourbons, of whom it was said, after they had had twenty-five years of revolutionary experience, that they learned nothing and forgot nothing—been endowed with the character and the talents which were needed in the saviour of France. Had Louis the Sixteenth attempted to compel the privileged classes into obedience, another Ravailac might have been found, and had he put himself at the head of the army, defied public opinion, and provoked a civil war, it is more than likely, from the growing power and influence of the middle classes, that the army might not have proved as loyal as it has been deemed, and victory might eventually have fallen to the people. The truth was that, as the Comte de Ségur said, "The authority of the king had vanished, and despotism alone remained."

But the responsibility for the Revolution rests not only on the unfortunate monarch, on Marie Antoinette, or on the privileged classes. The responsibility for the Revolution rests principally on the French people themselves. It is true that the national deficit formed a hideous chasm which no means could be found to bridge over, that the agricultural distress was terrible, that the plebeian classes were overtaxed, that the domination of the upper classes was no longer bearable, and that the misgovernment of the king from the fall of Necker was indefensible. But though clear-headed and logical in analysis and argument under normal conditions, the people allowed their reason to run riot when their emotions became excited by an accumulation of wrongs which had now reached a climax, and, being too light-hearted to reflect what the results of their action might be, they fell a prey to their own passions and to the theatrical rhetoric of demagogues. The ardor and impulsiveness they exercise in the pursuit of peaceful and laborious avocations, which make them one of the most productive nations in the world, they carried as vehemently into the work of wholesale destruction; and though patriotic in the highest degree, never having been trained to political life, they had none of that veneration for the traditions of the past which is one of the securest bulwarks against anarchy. Too impetuous to tolerate any slow process of reform, once they realized the full extent of their grievances, the weakness of the authorities, and their own power, they grasped the whole hand instead of the fingers that were one by one extended to them. When the temper of the French race was inflamed it burst forth like a cyclone, destroying every landmark, overwhelming good and evil alike in its indiscriminating fury. The Revolution, whose causes were welded together as the links of a chain, was fated to come, and when it came its history was inevitably destined to be written in letters of blood.

FERDINAND ROTHSCILD.

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXXXII. 4248

From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### OUR ARCTIC HEROES.

THE greatest interest which, perhaps, has ever been taken by Englishmen in the matter of Arctic research, was aroused by the disappearance of Sir John Franklin and his comrades in the Erebus and Terror. These two ships had left the Thames on May 19, 1845, in search of the North-West Passage to India.

In 1847, as nothing had been heard of them, it was first decided to send out a search expedition to find Sir John; and from that time onward, no less than forty expeditions were made with the same object; but none went near the spot in which the missing party might have been found. There was, however, one man who, *if his advice had been taken in time*, would actually have carried timely aid to the lost Franklin expedition. That man was a naval surgeon, Dr. King. He held that the missing party would be found upon the western shores of King William's Island by a journey down the Great Fish River similar to that which he had already made in company with Sir G. Back in 1833-4-5. And the subsequent researches of Dr. Rae, and those of Lieutenant Hobson, proved that this was the exact locality in which the missing party would have been found.

It is very easy to be wise after the event, yet it is almost incredible that not the least attention was ever paid to Dr. King's most reasonable suggestion; and that, with the sole exception of Sir John Richardson's expedition, which did not proceed far enough, every single searching party was sent out with directions based upon the supposition that Sir John Franklin had disobeyed his orders as to the route he was to attempt; and *therefore* that he would be found in an altogether different direction.

Dr. King and that most loving and devoted woman and wife, Lady Franklin, had from the very first held to the notion that Sir John had disappeared through having tried to follow out his instructions.

It must be remembered that those

instructions were very precise and clear. They were couched in these words: "That after passing through Lancaster Sound and Barrow Strait, he was to proceed to about lat.  $74^{\circ}$  N., long.  $98^{\circ}$  W., in the vicinity of Cape Walker (a point just to the northward of Prince of Wales's Land), and from thence to penetrate to the southward and westward in a course as direct to Behring Strait as the position of the ice and existence of land at present unknown may admit."

Nothing could have been more distinct than these orders, and yet only the proposals of Dr. King, the route taken by Sir J. Richardson and afterwards by Captain Collinson, were based upon the supposition that Sir John Franklin was beset in the ice in trying to carry out his instructions. The former proposed to go straight to Sir John's actual position by way of the Great Fish River; and the latter to meet him, at any point he might have reached in trying to follow the coast line of the continent of America, so as to come out at Behring Strait.

But, as we know, Dr. King's proposals were summarily rejected by Lord Palmerston's government; Sir John Richardson turned back too soon, after having gone for some distance in the right direction, while Captain Collinson never knew, until some years later, how very near he had been to making the double discovery of the fate of the Franklin expedition and the existence of the only navigable North-West Passage.

Of the many search expeditions it is only proposed in what follows to give a very hasty sketch of three; namely, those conducted respectively by Captain Collinson in the *Enterprise*, Captain McClure in the *Investigator*, and Captain McClintock in the *Fox*, besides making mention of the results achieved by Dr. Rae, of the Hudson's Bay Company, in his celebrated journey overland to the mouth of the Great Fish River. And the reason for making this limited selection is that both Dr. Rae and Captain McClintock discovered traces of Sir John Franklin's missing

expedition, and brought home articles which had belonged to its members; while Captain Collinson only just missed anticipating them both; and Captain McClure, though far enough from the track of the ships he sought, yet actually accomplished, with the whole of his officers and crew, the North-West Passage, though compelled to abandon his ship in so doing. Yet, as a matter of fact, Captain McClure was not the first to discover the existence of a North-West Passage, for the members of Sir John Franklin's expedition had, before they died, established the existence of another North-West Passage in a lower latitude by connecting together the surveys of Sir James Ross with those of Messrs. Dease and Simpson.

And here, while speaking of the survey of Sir James Clark Ross in this direction, mention should be made of the discovery by him of the Magnetic Pole on the western coast of Boothia Felix. Every one now knows that the Terrestrial Pole and the Magnetic Pole are not coincident in position, and that while the former represents the northern extremity of the earth's axis, and is, of course, in north latitude  $90^{\circ}$ , the latter is the mysterious spot to which, in whatever portion of the earth's surface it may be placed, the magnetic needle always points, and this is in north latitude  $70^{\circ} 5' 17''$ , west longitude  $96^{\circ} 46' 45''$ , *i.e.*, according to Sir James Ross in 1831. The probability, however, is that the position of the Magnetic Pole is not always the same, but that, as it is affected by the sun, or possibly by sun spots, it travels round in an ellipse of small excentricity and of very limited size practically in a small circle.

No one knows, and therefore no one can explain, the precise reason why a magnetized needle does point to that mysterious spot on the coast of Boothia Felix; and, strange as it may seem, there was in 1831 no visible trace of anything by which that spot could be recognized, not even so much as a small hillock in the immediate neighborhood, and the only means of proving that



the Magnetic Pole had been reached was by the total inactivity of the compass at that spot, coupled with the almost vertical position of the dipping needle. On this most interesting point the very words of Sir James Ross himself shall be given: "The amount of the dip as indicated by my dipping needle was  $89^{\circ} 59'$ , being thus within *one minute* of the vertical; while the proximity at least of this pole, if not its actual existence where we stood, was further confirmed by the action, or rather by the total inaction, of the several horizontal needles then in my possession. These were suspended in the most delicate manner possible, but there was not one which showed the slightest effort to move from the position in which it was placed, a fact which even the most moderately informed of readers must now know to be one which proves that the centre of attraction lies at a very small horizontal distance, if at any."

Theoretically speaking, the actual point of observation upon which Sir James Ross last deposited his dipping needle and compasses was one minute, or about one English mile from the true Magnetic Pole of that day, but whether one mile to the north, south, east, or west of it he was not able to decide. It would have been necessary for him to spend some little time on the spot, and to take several independent observations from different places in different directions at a considerable distance from one another, before he could have decided so important a point. But, alas! time, provisions, and strength were alike wanting; and, even as it was, he was only just able to regain his ship in safety, his last particle of strength expended, and his last biscuit consumed. And throughout the long series of Arctic voyages this has again and again been the fate of sledging parties, namely, that just at the most critical moment, when some most important discovery was about to be made, provisions and fuel ran short, and even by the most rigid economy were only just made to hold out long enough to regain the ship, or other base

of operations; and then all had to be commenced over again.

In 1850 the fear had taken a strong hold upon the mind of the nation that some serious accident must have happened to the *Erebus* and *Terror*, and in that year alone no less than ten expeditions set sail in search of the missing party. Among these was the one under the command of Captain Richard Collinson, consisting of the two sailing ships *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, the former under the command of Collinson himself, the latter of Captain Robert McClure. This latter officer had in 1837, during the American rebellion, served under the father of the writer of this narrative, when he was commodore of the Lake squadron. And so it came about that, after rounding Point Barrow, which was then supposed to be the northernmost point of the continent of America, Captain McClure named the first unknown point of land which he discovered by the name of his old captain, little thinking that more than forty years later, when he himself would be in his grave, the son of that same old captain of his would be writing about his most brilliant achievement in Arctic discovery, and thanking him for his courtesy in perpetuating on the Arctic chart the name which he bears. These two ships sailed from England on January 20, 1850, to make the passage round Cape Horn and to enter the Arctic regions through Behring Strait. They were both provisioned for three years, although it was not at all anticipated that they would be absent so long. The *Enterprise* was much the faster vessel of the two, and she reached the Strait of Magellan eight days before her consort, and Honolulu in the Sandwich Islands six days sooner; but strange to say, by a bold attempt at a direct course to Behring Strait, instead of following the usual but more devious course for sailing ships, the *Investigator* arrived first at the appointed rendezvous, Cape Lisburne, and eventually went on into the Arctic ice alone.

Captain Collinson followed closely behind, but nevertheless was unable to

double Point Barrow in 1850, while McClure had already done so; and then Collinson formed what many thought an unwise decision, namely, not to spend that winter in the Arctic seas at all. Accordingly he returned by the way he came, spending the winter at Sydney in New South Wales, a proceeding which laid the foundation for much subsequent difficulty between his officers and himself. In the following year he returned north, rounded Point Barrow, and keeping in the open water which skirts the northern coast of America, which open water is caused by the effluent waters of the Colville, Mackenzie, and Coppermine Rivers flowing along the coast, he followed in the track of the Investigator; and, strange to say, like that ship, made the attempt to pass into Melville Sound by way of Prince of Wales Strait; and although he pushed his ship a few miles further into Melville Sound than the Investigator had been, he was unable to get through and was forced to winter there in 1851-2. Starting again in the summer of 1852, Captain Collinson, failing to round Nelson Head, the southern extremity of Banks' Land, steered at once in a southerly direction, and passing around Wollaston Land, through Dolphin and Union Strait, Coronation Gulf, and Dease's Strait, finally went into his winter quarters, 1852-3, in Cambridge Bay, at the Victoria end of Wollaston Land. And it was from this bay that Captain Collinson himself travelled with a sledge to the furthest point he ever reached, namely Gateshead Island, where he was within forty miles of the spot where the Erebus and Terror had been abandoned, and within fifty-five miles of Point Victory in King William Island, a point to which Collinson knew that Sir James Ross had penetrated from Baffin's Bay and Lancaster Sound in 1831; and had he only decided to strike across to Point Victory, instead of returning to his ship in Cambridge Bay, he would have found himself not only the first living discoverer of the North-West Passage, but would also without doubt have discovered the cairn at Point Victory, within which Lieuten-

ant Hobson of McClintock's expedition afterwards found the only record we have ever had of the fate of the Franklin expedition. It is, however, very problematical whether at the time that Captain Collinson stood on Gateshead Island, looking over towards King William Island, he could have saved the lives of any of Sir John Franklin's party, for even then they had been out *eight* years, having originally only been supplied with three years' provisions; and, as it will be remembered, even of this quantity nearly all the preserved meats had failed them and had been left behind at Beechey Island, their winter quarters of 1845-6, having been condemned as unfit for human food.

From Cambridge Bay Captain Collinson returned by the way he came, being unable, however, to get round Point Barrow again without spending another winter, 1853-4, in the Arctic regions; and it was towards the latter end of 1854, or the beginning of 1855, when the writer of these lines was living with his father at the Cape of Good Hope, in the Naval Dockyard, that a very ugly-looking, bluff-bowed ship made her number, as she stood into Simons Bay, which told us that the long-lost Enterprise had returned to the land of the living, at a time when many feared she had gone down with all hands, for nothing whatever had been heard of her since she had left Sydney early in 1851. And then, within a few hours, the writer of these words sat at his dear old father's mahogany table, exactly opposite to Captain Collinson, and saw him enjoying the first good dinner he had eaten for many a long year. It was during that dinner, or rather after it, when the Arctic explorer was telling the tale of his hair-breadth escapes, that the foundation of this narrative was laid.

The Investigator meanwhile had fared better in all respects than her consort, with the senior officer on board, for although she left her bones to perish in the ice, yet she carried her crew so far from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean, that they were able to walk over the ice from the Investigator in Mercy Bay to the Resolute at Dealy Island;

thus in their own persons making the North-West Passage, a feat which for four hundred years had often been attempted, but never before accomplished.

Looking at the perfected map of the Polar regions which we now have, it seems a very easy thing indeed to have done, but we must remember that McClure had literally to feel his way along, and at the same time to construct his chart as he went. His ship passed through Behring Strait late in the summer of 1850, rounded Point Barrow in safety, and, hugging the American shore, attempted to pass through Prince of Wales Strait, but was stopped by the fixed ice of Melville Sound; and, unable to retreat, was compelled to winter there. In the following summer Captain McClure retraced his steps to the entrance of Prince of Wales Strait, and steering due north skirted round Banks' Land, which thus he had discovered to be an island, and eventually he laid up his ship in a small bay, called Mercy Bay, on the east coast of Banks' Land, where she would now be found, unless indeed the ice had caused her to die the natural death of an Arctic ship. Two more winters were spent in Mercy Bay, and much valuable work done by sledge parties exploring the adjacent coast lines. But at last the time came when provisions began to run short, and it was felt that an attempt must be made (in their case almost a hopeless one) to abandon the ship, and to travel southward to the mouth of the Mackenzie River. Had this attempt been made, and had Captain McClure abandoned his ship and started on that perilous voyage, the probability is that not a soul would have lived to tell the story of their discovery of a North-West Passage.

But just when all was ready to make a start, and the word was about to be given, "All hands abandon ship," Captain McClure, with his first lieutenant, thought he would go and have a last look round, and bid a long adieu to the now familiar Bay of Mercy, when all of a sudden they espied a strange-looking object approaching them. This was on

April 6, 1853, when, to use Captain McClure's own words, "we perceived a figure walking rapidly towards us. From his pace and gestures we both naturally supposed at first that he was some one of our party pursued by a bear, but as we approached him doubts arose as to who it could be. He was certainly unlike any of our men, and yet we felt certain that no one else was near. When within about two hundred yards of us this strange figure threw up his arms and made gesticulations resembling those used by an Esquimaux, besides shouting at the top of his voice words which, from the wind and the intense excitement of the moment, sounded like a wild screech; and this brought us fairly to a standstill. The stranger came quietly on, and we saw that his face was as black as ebony, and really at the moment we might be pardoned for wondering whether he was a denizen of this or the other world, and had he but given us a glimpse of a tail or a cloven hoof we should assuredly have taken to our legs. As it was we gallantly stood our ground, and, had the skies fallen upon us, we could hardly have been more astonished than when the dark-faced stranger called out, 'I am Lieutenant Pim, late of the *Herald* and now in the *Resolute*; Captain Kellett is in her at Dealy Island.' " It can readily be imagined what astonishment these few words created when it is remembered that on July 31 or August 1, 1850, Captain Kellett, in the *Herald*, had parted with the *Investigator* after passing through Behring Strait from the Pacific; and, strange to say, the very last officer of the *Herald* to leave the deck of the *Investigator* off Point Barrow had been Lieutenant Bedford Pim, while on that April 6, 1853, the dark-faced stranger who came to the rescue of the starving heroes of Arctic discovery was the very same officer, under the same captain, having in the mean time returned round the Horn to England, and gone north again, in another ship, through the Atlantic by way of Baffin's Bay and Lancaster Sound. So that the mysterious stranger who sud-

denly appeared before the astonished McClure well knew the cause for the start of incredulity with which his speech was received: "I am Lieutenant Bedford Pim, late of the *Herald*, and now in the *Resolute*. Captain Kellett is in her at Dealy Island."

Thus the whole party were rescued, walking safely over the ice of Melville Sound to the *Resolute*, and thence in detachments were taken back to England; not indeed having found Sir John Franklin, or any traces of him, but having made, in their own persons, the long sought after North-West Passage from ocean to ocean. It had never been done before, and in all human probability it will never be done again.

It was just after this time, when no one expected further tidings of Sir John Franklin and his party, that Dr. Rae, who had simply gone out on a geographical expedition to connect Sir James Ross's Magnetic Pole with his own former discoveries to the southward of it, sent home the startling intelligence that he had met an Esquimaux who told him that a large party of white men had died of starvation, a long distance to the westward, and beyond a large river, and this river he thought was Back's Great Fish River, an idea which afterwards proved to be correct.

The story told to Dr. Rae by the Esquimaux was that, six winters before, while some of his countrymen were killing seals near the north end of King William Island, about forty white men were seen dragging a boat and sledges over the ice on the west side of the island. All the men, he said, hauled the drag ropes except one tall, stout, middle-aged officer (doubtless Captain Crozier). And further, he said, they were evidently in want of provisions, and signified by signs that they were going where they expected to find deer to shoot. Later on in the same season the corpses of thirty persons and some graves were discovered on the continent of America, and five dead bodies on an island near it. These without doubt were the last survivors of the Franklin expedition. Some of the

bodies were in a tent, others under a boat, which had been turned keel up so as to form a shelter, and some were scattered about in different directions. Dr. Rae on this expedition succeeded in purchasing from the Esquimaux various articles, especially silver spoons and forks, which had belonged to different officers of Franklin's ships, and which had their initials or crests engraved upon them. Upon his return, the sum of 10,000*l.* was paid to him and his party as the reward offered to any one who would obtain authentic information of the fate of the Franklin expedition.

Later on—*i.e.*, in 1855—the government requested the Hudson's Bay Company to send another party down the Great Fish River to explore its estuary, and search for any further traces of our missing countrymen. Accordingly Mr. Anderson, one of their factors, was selected for this purpose, and he too discovered traces of the Franklin party at the rapids, just below Franklin Lake. He also discovered the spot on Montreal Island where the Esquimaux had broken up the boat; but he could not find a scrap of paper or a record, or a single human bone, or even a grave. The relics of the Franklin expedition before mentioned were exhibited in the Naval Exhibition at Chelsea in 1891, and they are now to be seen in the Museum at Greenwich Hospital.

Very naturally, Lady Franklin was not satisfied with this negative result; and she urged the government of that day to send yet another searching expedition by sea to King William Island, or its vicinity, for the purpose of clearing up the mystery and uncertainty which surrounded the fate of her beloved husband and his gallant companions. But in this she failed. Yet, nothing daunted, she herself, almost at her own cost, fitted out the yacht *Fox*, and, placing her under the command of Captain Leopold McClintock, sent her out in 1857 to go and bring her back tidings of her lost husband.

At first the *Fox* was most unfortunate, for, in trying to make the North Water at the head of Baffin's Bay, she

was beset in the pack, and drifted helplessly with it for two hundred and forty-two days, for thirteen hundred and eighty-five statute miles, thus losing a whole season.

The next year she returned to the charge, passed safely up Baffin's Bay into the North Water, across through Lancaster Sound and Barrow Strait, down Prince Regent's Inlet, almost through Bellot Strait, near the western entrance of which, in a small bay called Kennedy Harbor, the gallant little Fox was frozen in for her second winter. And from thence McClintock equipped those three sledging parties, two of which were destined to solve the question of the fate of the Franklin expedition, and the early death of Sir John himself; and the other to add many hundreds of miles of undiscovered land to the Arctic chart.

The first party, under the charge of Captain Allen Young, was to examine the land to the westward of Cape Bird, off the western entrance to Bellot Strait; the second, under the command of Lieutenant Hobson, to go down the west coast of Boothia Felix, and, crossing over to the north end of King William Island, to explore a portion of its western shores in search of traces of the Erebus and Terror, and thence over to Gateshead Island so as to connect if possible that point with Mr. Wynniatt's furthest; the third, under the command of McClintock himself, was to accompany Lieutenant Hobson as far as King William Island, and from thence to pass, by the eastern coast of that island, to the mouth of the Great Fish River, returning to the Fox by the western side of King William Island.

On the way down McClintock and Hobson met some Esquimaux, who told them that a long time ago two ships had been wrecked off their coast; that one ship went down as she was, while the other was driven on shore, but the exact spot mentioned could never be found. One of the natives said that when they boarded the stranded ship they found the body of one man, but that the rest of the crew went away to the large river. Lower down some

more Esquimaux were met with, and these were found to be in possession of silver spoons and forks bearing the crests and initials of Sir John Franklin, Captain Crozier, Captain Fitzjames, and others. These articles McClintock obtained from them at the price of four needles each. Going on further south, Montreal Island and Point Ogle were each visited, but without result of any kind. Returning up the western shore of King William Island, the first trace which McClintock met with of the missing crews of the Erebus and Terror was the skeleton of a single man, apparently an officer's servant or a ship's steward. Off Cape Herschel McClintock found a small cairn erected by Lieutenant Hobson, who had been there but six days previously, and who had left a letter for his commanding officer saying that, although he had failed to find any traces of the wrecked ships in the position described by the Esquimaux, yet he had succeeded in discovering the only written record of the doings of Sir John Franklin and his companions since parting with the whalers at the head of Baffin's Bay; the only record indeed of any kind which has ever been discovered from that time to this.

That record was found in a cairn which had been erected by the retreating Franklin party at Point Victory, the nearest point of land to the place in which the Erebus and Terror had been abandoned. It was simply a printed paper supplied to all discovery ships; and upon it was written, apparently by Lieutenant Graham Gore, the following account, and although Arctic travellers and those who have taken an interest in Arctic researches are quite familiar with it, from reading McClintock's charming book on "the fate of Franklin and his discoveries" commonly known as "the Voyage of the Fox," yet for the benefit of others, who have never seen it, the record is here repeated. It runs thus: "28th of May, 1847, H.M. ships Erebus and Terror wintered in the ice in latitude 70° 5' N.—longitude 98° 23' W., having wintered in 1846-7 at Beechey Island in latitude 74° 43' 28" N.—lon-



gitude 91° 39' 15" W., after having ascended Wellington Channel to latitude 77° and returned by the West side of Cornwallis Island. Sir John Franklin commanding the expedition. All well. A party consisting of two officers and six men left the ships on Monday, 24th May, 1847."

There is a slight inaccuracy in this record, as the date of the two ships wintering at Beechey Island was 1845-6 and not 1846-7. The winter of 1846-7 was clearly spent in the ice in the position described in the document. We know, therefore, that on May 28, 1847, all was well with the expedition, and doubtless all were yet full of hope that they would accomplish the desire of their hearts and make the North-West Passage.

But upon the same paper a later date and further record was added, and the writing was in another hand, as follows: "April 25, 1848. — H.M. ships *Erebus* and *Terror* were deserted on 22nd April, five leagues N.N.W. of this, having been beset since 12th September, 1846. The officers and crews consisting of one hundred and five souls, under the command of Captain F. R. M. Crozier, landed here in latitude 96° 37' 42" N. — longitude 98° 41' W. Sir John Franklin died on the 11th June, 1847; and the total loss by deaths in the expedition has been to this date nine officers and fifteen men." This was signed by both Captain Crozier and Captain Fitzjames, and a footnote added "and start on to-morrow, 26th, for Back's Fish River."

And then commenced that fatal march when no less than one hundred and five brave English sailors started to walk, and to drag heavy boats, along the shores of King William Island, hoping to reach the mouth of the Great Fish River, and to ascend it to one of the Hudson's Bay Company's stations, from whence succor could be had. And it is lamentable to think that at the very moment when Captain Crozier penned those last few words which ever in this world he was to write — "and start on to-morrow, 26th, for Back's Fish River" — there was a

noted Arctic traveller, a former companion of Back's, begging and entreating of the English Admiralty Board of that day to let him go to the help of Franklin's party by way of that very Great Fish River, with every inch of which he was acquainted, and at the entrance to which he would have come upon the famishing party just in time to save their lives.

Captain Crozier and his party of one hundred and five English sailors left their ships on April 22, 1848, but on June 10, 1847, Dr. King wrote a letter to Earl Grey, the then colonial secretary, pointing out that the missing expedition was in all human probability on the western coast of North Somerset, which then was thought to be only a continuation of King William Island; and that, therefore, its members would be found by a journey down the Great Fish River. Will it be believed? His letter was certainly officially acknowledged, but it never received any answer at all. Amongst all the many and costly expeditions which had been sent out by a grateful country, surely one more might have been encouraged, and that a most inexpensive and simple one, the *raison d'être* of which was the almost absolute certainty that an English naval captain *had* gone whither his instructions directed him to go.

And meantime those poor souls starved and hoped, and dropped down dead as they walked; and, of all their number, only the corpses of thirty men and a few graves were found at the mouth of the Great Fish River, five dead bodies on Montreal Island, the skeleton of the steward, and two skeletons in a boat about fifty miles from Point Victory.

The supposition is that the fatal retreat was made some time during the short summer of 1848, and that, with the exception of those few whose bodies were discovered, all the rest had found a grave at nature's hands in the shape of the winter snow, beneath which all traces of them were hidden from the view of both Hobson and McClintock, who travelled over the very same ground as that by which the retreating

Franklin party had endeavored to reach the Great Fish River, but which, when those two officers passed over it, was covered with thick snow, beneath which all the rest were lying buried, as it was in the case of the one solitary skeleton found by McClintock, and of which he writes, "Shortly after midnight of the 25th May, when slowly walking along a gravel ridge near the beach, which the winds kept partially bare of snow, I came upon a human skeleton, partly exposed, with here and there a few fragments of clothing appearing through the snow. The skeleton, now perfectly bleached, was lying upon its face; and it was a melancholy truth that the old Esquimaux woman spoke when she said, that they fell down and died as they walked along."

It was then eleven years since all this had happened; it is now just four times eleven years; and while men and women, not then born, are now reading this narrative of facts, comfortably seated by their firesides, those whitened bones of Arctic heroes long gone to rest still lie bleaching beneath the northern snow, their faces turned towards that far-off home they never more could reach, and looking to the very last for help that never came.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

MY PUPILS IN THE GREAT KARROO.

"MARAISBURG!" said the driver, pointing with his whip over the valley of the Plain.

"Where?" I asked.

"Dere!" he nodded, as the four horses broke into a gallop, glad to have surmounted the long up-gradient through the sandy soil.

I looked carefully over the expanse of the *veld* right up to the level-topped mountains on the horizon. A conical hill of regular geometrical contour lay, grey and isolated, on the carpet of Karroo grass in the middle distance to the right, as if it had been left there by accident. Straight ahead a few red and white objects, like bricks, were visible, with a cluster apparently of little toy-

trees. "Where?" I repeated. "My eyes are pretty good, but I can't see it."

The driver nodded again. He knew no English, or next to none. "Yah! 'Alf-hour!"

I tried once more. Half an hour, say, four miles; it could not be away over there, then, by those mountains. From the box-seat of the mail-cart I described an imaginary semi-circle with a radius of four miles, and searched backwards and forwards along this curve till I could have sworn there was no Maraisburg on it or near it. The driver nudged me with his elbow, and pointed with his long whip over the ears of the off-leader. He was aiming straight at the little collection of objects in the foreground, apparently about half a mile away. I looked at him half in derision, half in awe. "Surely you don't mean *that*?"

"Yah, yah! Maraisburg! 'Alf-hour!"

These little playthings were indeed real houses and trees, only farther, much farther off than they seemed. The illusion (presenting as small and near objects really remote and large) was due to the extreme dryness and clearness of the atmosphere on the elevated plains of the north-eastern Karroo, and to the unsuspected magnitude of the scale on which nature had built. That back scene of mountains was thirty miles away; that conical hillock at least fifteen, and a thousand feet high; that little cluster of toys was the important village of Maraisburg, connected by telegraph with Cradock and Cape Town, and boasting a town hall, a school, a Dutch Reformed Church, and a hotel.

Whipping up the leaders, we drove in considerable style to the gates of the hotel yard, and alighted, stiff and weary with the thirty-five miles' drive. I inquired at the bar if Mr. Van Breda had been heard of. "Oh, yes," was the answer. "Mr. Van Breda drove in to meet you on Monday. Probably he will be here again to-morrow." Clearly they knew who I was. It was a comfort, too, to find that one person, at

least, in the Great Karroo could speak English. "Can I have a bed here, and something to eat?" "Yes. Will you step this way?" Except for the omission of the superfluous "sir," I might have been in an English inn. I stepped that way, and sat down to rest in a comfortable parlor. After my seven hours' jolt from Cradock I was disinclined to explore the town, which, indeed, I had been examining for the last two hours through an inverted telescope, as it were, and had really seen all there was to see. The view had never altered for a dozen miles or so. We seemed to be no nearer the mountain or the conical hill. Maraisburg itself, "sitting," as the Dutch say, in the middle of the *veld*, with no house or road or tree visible for a space of ten miles round, seemed hardly real. I felt as if I had been caught up by a genius, and planted in some unknown land.

The truth was less romantic. I had come out to the Cape on medical advice, to avoid the winter climate of England; and had applied for, and obtained through the kindness of the superintendent of education at Cape Town, a situation as tutor, or schoolmaster, in the family of Mr. Van Breda, a Dutchman, in the healthiest part of the colony. Such teaching as I had done hitherto had not been elementary; still, I undertook the task with few misgivings at first. Of the number and age of my pupils I had no idea, and could only guess at the subjects which I should be required to teach. "Take your gun with you," said the superintendent-general; "the work will be nothing." I had no gun; but as to the work I am constrained to observe that the superintendent-general was mistaken.

It happened that I had been entrusted by a chance travelling acquaintance with a letter for a leading citizen of Maraisburg, a blacksmith and wheelwright by trade. To his forge I accordingly repaired next morning, and met with a hearty welcome. He was English, that is of English, not Dutch, descent, and bore the mysterious name

of Harris. Of course he was acquainted with my business. "I'd sooner be anything than a schoolmaster," he said, a sentiment by no means rare; "but you'll find Mr. Van Breda a very nice gentleman." I had formed the same idea from his letter to me; and it was pleasant to hear the impression confirmed. Just then a light spring-cart with a canvas hood and two horses drove quickly past, and pulled up at the post-office on the opposite side of the square, or market-place, of which the village consisted.

"There he is!" said my friend. I turned out of the forge, and went to meet Mr. Van Breda as he walked across the open space. We shook hands in the middle of it. Mr. Van Breda was a short, though well-built man, with a grey beard, and, in contrast to most of the Dutchmen I had seen, very well dressed.

"I am afraid you drove in for me on Monday," I said.

"That doesn't matter," he replied with an excellent English accent. "I drive in every week; I or one of my sons. If you will be ready I'll start in about an hour."

Here he left me and I returned to the hotel to pay my bill. In an hour Mr. Van Breda drove up; my luggage was hoisted into the cart, the blacksmith shouted "So long!" from his forge, and we were off. The cart rocked and swayed on its light springs as we drove across the *veld*, on or off the track, according as it was smoother or rougher than the adjoining country. "Smoke?" said Mr. Van Breda, handing me a great pouch full of Boer tobacco. I filled my pipe with difficulty, cannoning repeatedly against my companion during the process; for I had no third hand to hold on by. We started a spring-buck or two as we drove along, to my intense excitement, even Mr. Van Breda being moved to point them out with the whip as they leaped gracefully to the shelter of some bush. He said very little, and smoked incessantly for two hours or more. Having come six hundred miles from Cape Town to teach, I was curious to

know at least the number of my pupils and what they were expected to learn. I had pictured to myself three or four shambling farm-lads coming indoors for an hour or two every morning to do sums in long division, and to learn to read English out of a horn-book. As Mr. Van Breda volunteered no information on this matter, I took occasion, on his making some remark about his children, to ask how many he had.

"I am almost ashamed to tell you," he answered with a twinkle of humor in his kind blue eyes. "My first wife had four. We have had twelve since; but I lost my little Adriana a year ago. The others, thank God, are well and strong. The doctor says there isn't a family so healthy for forty miles round."

My mental picture of the three or four hobbledehoyes now shifted, dissolved, and reformed itself into a more regular and imposing vision. Methought I saw before me a row of fifteen lads, ranged in descending scale of magnitude from six feet high to three, each one of them thirsting for instruction proportioned to his height. "They do not all go to school," added Mr. Van Breda. A sense of relief came over me, to be suddenly disturbed. For now, for the first time, the thought occurred that it was very unlikely this large family consisted of boys alone. Perhaps I should have to teach girls as well; perhaps even grown-up young ladies! The thought was eminently disquieting. Boys, at any rate English boys, I knew by experience that I could manage, in time of need, by working on their feelings, or, in extreme cases, by physical castigation. But with girls the latter expedient was out of the question, and even the former seemed to be fraught with unknown perils. Besides, though I might exhibit an adamantine firmness with boys, in the hands of a class of young ladies I felt that I should be as wax. I *dared not* ask Mr. Van Breda if he had any daughters.

Doubts on this head were soon set at rest. Rounding the shoulder of a low rocky eminence we were greeted by a

burst of happy voices; and a swarm of children jumped, clambered, and fell from a gate on which they had been perched, and ran shouting to meet us. Beautiful children they were, blue-eyed, golden-haired, and as active as gazelles; three boys and two girls, the eldest girl about ten years old. Mr. Van Breda drove quickly past, saluting with his whip, and then slackened his pace down to give them a chance; for, needless to say, they were racing after us at the top of their speed. The smaller girl quickly outstripped the rest.

Perhaps I may venture here to record my opinion that it is not given to many girls, even if quite young and perfectly formed, to look well running at full speed. The drapery is either too long for perfect freedom, or too scant for perfect grace. If there is a margin, it is an extremely narrow one, and rarely hit. Possibly Atalanta was an exception; but there is almost invariably present in the mind of the spectator a disturbing impression of too much knee. This child and her movements were a joy to behold.

"Some of the little ones," said her father, pretending to whip up the horses, and to signal a farewell to his little daughter with a movement of his shoulder and wrist. She seemed to redouble her speed. The way that little figure in the light blue frock got over the ground, half dazzled by the setting sun which lit up her face and her streaming golden hair, was a sight for sore eyes.

She gained on us, caught us up, and held on for a minute to the cart. "She'll get in somehow; trust Winnie for that," said her father, without drawing rein. I did not believe she would try; but sure enough, I saw a look of determination come into her face, and putting forth a quite remarkable effort of strength, she hauled herself bodily over the rail, and plumped down, flushed and panting, at the bottom of the cart. "Halloa!" said her father, looking round, "where did *you* come from?"

"Oh, I got in, father," she answered in Dutch.

The ceremony of introduction over, we stopped to allow the others to come up. They swarmed in like the Bishop of Bingen's rats, and took their seats, not without fighting among the little boys, on and under our knees. I have no indiscriminate fondness for children. They are often, boys especially, dirty or ill-behaved, or idiotic, or ugly. These children, however, were very agreeable. Still I hoped I should not be required to teach them.

In this trim we drove up to the house, a low, square, one-storied building, with a verandah along the front. Out-buildings lay scattered round on the *veld*; and hard by, but not contiguous to the farm buildings, was a large rectangular garden of four or five acres enclosed by a wall. Two or three hundred yards away were the *kraals* for housing the sheep and goats at night; and two flocks, each numbering many hundreds of sheep and goats respectively, and each preceded by a goat as big as a donkey, the rear being brought up by shouting Kaffir shepherds, were marching home to bed. No paths, trees, or fences were anywhere visible. In fact the only fence on the farm was the one that bounded it, which was made of wire, and was, Mr. Van Breda told me, thirty miles long. A square of this perimeter would enclose thirty-seven thousand acres; at least there was plenty of room to knock about without trespassing. A few immense ostriches were grazing near the house.

We drove round to the front, and drew up. Two youths of about sixteen appeared and took the horses' heads. The little ones tumbled out, and we elders followed with somewhat less celerity. Mr. Van Breda introduced his two sons to me. There was little of the gawky hobbledohoy about them. In a few quiet words they greeted me with the unaffected courtesy of well-bred, grown men; and at once outspanned, or unharnessed the horses, and jumping on their backs rode them off to water at a rain-dam. Mr. Van Breda, preceding me into a well-furnished dining-room with a large mahogany table, unlocked the sideboard door,

drew forth a bottle of Schnapps, and having offered it to me, filled his glass, and, after a fashion as old as Olympus, pledged me welcome in Dutch.

My luggage was carried by Kaffirs through to my bedroom, as we re-lit our pipes and sat down, one on either side of the table, to smoke in silence. Being now installed as tutor to a family of Dutch Boers, my curiosity to learn what and whom I was expected to teach, and for how long each day, grew keener and keener. At length I broached the subject to Mr. Van Breda. The first piece of information I extracted was that I should not be expected to begin till Monday, to-morrow being Saturday; the second, that the regulation number of hours was five a day. After a decent interval I ventured to inquire of my host how many of his olive-branches it would be my privilege to train. He tried to calculate, but, failing, appealed to his wife. Mrs. Van Breda enumerated them glibly,—eight. The prospect was still baffling. How to teach eight children, ranging from seventeen years to four, half-a-dozen different subjects simultaneously, I knew no more than the man in the moon. I felt like an impostor, and quailed before Mr. Van Breda's friendly and steadfast eye. Still the thing had to be done somehow; and after all I was probably as well qualified to do it as the next stranger.

Saturday and Sunday passed quietly enough—a ride in the *veld*, a service, according to the Dutch Reformed Church, at which I officiated as pianist, and hymns were lustily sung in unison, Mr. Van Breda alone improvising a bass—these were the chief incidents. The children, I found, were shy, and talked Dutch among themselves, their English vocabulary being very limited. There was a schoolroom, with maps hanging on the walls, desks and books in different stages of disintegration, very like an untidy village schoolroom of the old type at home. My spirits fell somewhat when I was introduced to it by my employer.

Monday came, and there we assembled at 9 A.M., the children taking their



seats and rummaging in their desks in a sedate and business-like manner which made me feel smaller than ever. I stood in the middle, with my hands in my pockets, smiling blandly. This, however, was clearly not what I had been hired for; something more than that must be done, and for five mortal hours daily. The difficulty was to make a start. I decided to begin by frowning slightly, sitting down composedly at my desk, and calling over names. I took out a slip of paper and began: "I think before proceeding to business, I will take down your names in order of age, if you will kindly give them to me with the several dates of your birth." They were all exceedingly polite, but, with the exception of the two elder boys, had no sort of idea what I was talking about. I began with the eldest, the grave and manly youth to whom I had been first introduced on my arrival. "Your name, I think, is Tommy, is it not? Will you please tell me your age, and what you know." Tommy told me his full name, that he was seventeen years of age; and that with Mr. Mackintosh (their last tutor) he had done history, geography, grammar, arithmetic, algebra, Euclid, and Latin. This news was encouraging. Willie, aged sixteen, had done much the same. Both these were in for the highest standard. After Willie there was a big gap. The rest were little ones, very imperfectly acquainted with English, or not at all; extraordinarily well-behaved, but ignorant, apparently, not only of their ages, but of their very names. Luckily Mrs. Van Breda dropped in and helped me out with the remainder of the list, which wound up with "Alexander, aged four; accomplishments, o, x, ox."

It is strange how much easier we find things than we expected, after once attacking the apparently impossible. I started Tommy and Willie reading geography and consulting their single atlas, which they did with their heads close together and the lowest possible whispering in their native tongue; wrote copies for Esther, Benjamin, and Ida; set my little blue-eyed friend, Winnie,

a compound addition sum on a slate (which she did correctly and quickly, and then pulled some treasures out of her drawer, and sat playing with them, as good as gold); and taking a small, white-haired boy on either knee, opened a tattered First Standard Reading-Book, and plunged into the exiguous history of Ann, her pan, her fan, and her man.

Not to enlarge, however, on the dry details of elementary teaching, suffice it to say that after a few days I got into the swing of it, acquired in a measure the knack of keeping them all more or less busily employed; gave the elder boys extra hours in Latin and history, taught the little girls to play the piano; in short, worked pretty hard for my salary, and got a good salary for my pains.

The chief recreation was riding. Every one had a horse. The little ones thought nothing of catching a bare-backed steed in the *veld*, clambering miraculously on to its back, to the number of four or so, and cantering pleasantly home, the sternmost slipping off occasionally behind. No one ever went anywhere on foot; indeed there was nowhere, so to say, to go, nothing but *veld*, stretching away to the mountains already described. A rider leaving the homestead and galloping away, in almost any direction, rode on and on till he was out of sight, not hidden by intervening objects or irregularities of level, but diminishing and finally lost to view through distance alone. At one point, it is true, the incurving of the barrier of the Stormberg Mountains brought an apparently precipitous cliff of eight hundred feet in height within a distance of five or six miles from the house; and on the verge of this ridge a horseman outlined against the sky would be discernible on a clear day, disappearing suddenly as he quitted the edge. Elsewhere he melted insensibly away, becoming gradually indistinguishable from the patchy ground of low Karroo bush broken only by narrow water-courses or stretches of bare, sandy earth. We often rode up this declivity on a Saturday (it was not

really a cliff) to visit our next door neighbor, a relative and tenant of Mr. Van Breda, who lived in immense solitude with his wife and children, and tended thousands of sheep and goats on the higher mountain land. The view from his homestead, about five thousand feet above the sea, was grand if monotonous. Beyond our own familiar amphitheatre of flat-topped mountains could be seen another range, and sometimes yet a third, still further, looming dimly sixty miles away. Here was the scene of the exploits of Gordon Cumming, that mighty hunter; here, but yesterday, the lions, giraffes, and gnus were roaming, to vanish at the advent of civilized man. Springbuck and one or two smaller kinds of antelope were still plentiful, and went down, when venison was desired, before Tommy's patient rifle, to be there and then disembowelled and carried home slung across his horse's withers. Baboons were often heard barking and seen scrambling about the rocks; jackals howled nightly from the water-courses; leopards, called in South Africa tigers, made occasional depredations on the flocks; and vultures circled continually round the apex of the conical hill.

Occasional diversion was found in an ostrich drive. On the spacious farm, or rather estate, of Mr. Van Breda the ostriches roamed at will; not indeed indigenous to this part of Africa, but practically wild. When ostrich-farming was in its prime some thirty years ago they had been imported at vast expense from the north. Every eight months or so, as the feathers matured, as many as could be circumvented were caught and plucked. Incessantly galloping for many miles over the *veld* in ever-lessening arcs we gradually drove them inwards to the mouth of a funnel-shaped pen. Here they were separately secured like horses in a box, deprived of their tail and wing feathers, and set free, dismantled, humiliated, naked, and, I grieve to say, bleeding as well. The strength of these birds is something prodigious. We have all read, with more or less of scepticism, of their carrying boys upon their backs. I have

myself seen, and close at hand, a hen-ostrich running freely with a full-grown Kafir, of not less than ten stone weight, astride on her back. They are dangerous, too, at times; for though powerless in neck and beak an ostrich possesses formidable weapons of offence in his great legs and two-toed feet. A raking forward kick delivered by an ostrich has been known to rip a man clean open; as any one will readily believe who has seen the heavy nails, and the enormous muscles of their thighs. It is commonly said by those who know, that a kick from an ostrich is as bad as a kick from a horse.

One old cock-bird, quite seven feet high as he walked with bent and oscillating neck (who was not above poking his head through the larder-window, and stealing anything that came handy), haunted the immediate vicinity of our homestead, and had established quite a reign of terror there. It was not only that no other male bird dared to come within a mile of him; we ourselves were secretly afraid to walk from the house to the garden if he was anywhere in the direct path, preferring, when any specious pretext offered, to make a considerable round or otherwise to stay at home. It must be admitted that this solitary bird had never been known to attack any one; but if an ostrich *does* make for you, as Mr. Van Breda in heartfelt tones assured me, there is no use in facing him (unless you happened to be armed with a long, forked clothes-prop), and, if possible, less use in running away. The only thing to do is to lie down flat on your face in a gutter, if such refuge be attainable, and to let him dance on you, trample and scrape you until he is tired. An ostrich cannot kick severely near the level of the ground. When Mr. Van Breda told me these things I asked him how much he thought a full-grown ostrich would weigh; he said about two hundred pounds. We were walking from the garden to the house when we held this conversation, and the ostrich was not far off. I shall never forget it.

I had many an interesting talk with Mr. Van Breda concerning the relations

of sentiment existing between the English and the Dutch of South Africa. That no ill-feeling exists, no trace of resentment or of scornful exultation has survived or followed our ill-considered action and crushing defeat at Majuba Hill, can by no means be affirmed. And even if there were, during the last ninety years since the annexation of the colony, no record of injuries inflicted at our hands upon the Dutch, they might well be excused for remembering that the colony was settled by them and not by us; and that after being held alternately by the French and the English at the time of the Revolutionary War, it was summarily, nay, fraudulently, appropriated by the latter at its close. Notwithstanding their wholesale *treks*, or demigrations northwards into the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, the Dutch still constitute a majority of the population of Cape Colony; and their treatment by the English has been neither so conciliatory nor so straightforward as to obliterate the feeling that they are subject to an alien race. Mr. Van Breda himself repeatedly disclaimed all recognition of race difference. He was, as he said, an English subject, and English, in all due measure, in sympathies and ideas. But the very assertion of this large-heartedness bore witness to the fact that it was far from universal. Unquestionably, by some of his less enlightened countrymen, I, as an Englishman, was looked upon askance; and I have heard snatches of rhymes derisive or depreciatory of the English on the innocent lips of many a Dutch child. These things, however, are a symptom rather of what was than of what is now. The problem of the ultimate destiny of the republic is, no doubt, a grave one; and it may be that some infection of bitterness arising from unhappy relations there will spread beyond the Orange and the Kei. But if trouble be happily averted in the north, the Dutchman will soon become, if he is not so already, as loyal a subject of the queen as may be found in any part of her colonial empire.

Here, in the outskirts of civilization,

in a land of boundless plain, we seem to see revived the pastoral simplicity of the ancient patriarchal days. Dwelling almost literally every man beneath his own vine, and every man beneath his own fig-tree, the settlers realize at present the blessings of prosperity and peace. Their quivers full, for the most part, of stalwart sons, they will not be afraid, they have not been afraid, to speak with their enemies in the gate. The Ten Commandments are their rule of life, and of these the fifth is not least perfectly kept. Indeed the respectful and childlike obedience rendered by grown men and women to mother as well as to father, recalls that grand simplicity of manners which some historians attribute to the early uncorrupted days of the Roman Republic.

But I am wandering too far afield. The sun has set, the Stormberg Mountains, purple-dyed, stand outlined on a screen of palest orange, merging through sweet shades of green into the deep and darkening azure of the evening sky. Two limpid planets, Jupiter and Venus, gleam gloriously from their opal setting in the west, and pale the lustre of the Southern Cross. Beneath the great expanse has suddenly been swept with gloom. But what is this? the sky, the very air is growing bright again! Plain and mountain are re-lit with color; a golden gleam suffuses earth and heaven, and shines curiously upon the face of my companion. The cause of this afterglow others may explain. I only know it happens, and is happening now. But even as I write, it passes. Night folds her dusky wings, and settles on the Great Karroo.

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From Woman.

#### A JEWISH WEDDING.

A VERY hot July afternoon, two large London drawing-rooms profusely decorated with blossom, and a crowd of folk fair and otherwise, a train of children bearing flowers lining the path from the door to an erection which one thinks of as a baldachin, or a four-poster, according to one's leanings towards æsthet-

icism or a craze for old furniture ; and there I find myself in the middle of a Jewish wedding at home. At the end of the grand piano, ignominiously "cornered" for the day, three grave and reverend signors are busy reading and signing very formidable-looking parchments. "When will the spirit move you to begin?" asks a daring and irreverent relative. "When the writings are finished," comes the answer ; but they are very leisurely, and the kindest of them — these rabbis are all three the kindest-looking of men — turns to answer an heretical question of my own by showing me his velvet-bound book of the service, Hebrew on one side, English on the other ; for all the world like any ordinary conversation-book ! Presently they do begin, betaking themselves to the friendly shelter of the red velvet erection, and, without removing their becoming berrettas, commence the service. The softness of the language, the semi-chanting tones, and possibly the heat and noises of a drowsy afternoon, produce what I am obliged, for want of a better simile, to call a "wobbling" effect, and this is still further increased by unexpected responses from the men of the multitude, who make up a goodly number. Even the unorthodox one at my elbow emits a faint murmur. How do I know anything about his unorthodoxy ? Because of an equally faint and murmured apology which he lets fall when, in common with the others of his kind, he puts on his hat (all have brought them up-stairs on purpose) directly the service begins. But the bride ? Well, they do without her until the service is well into the middle. At this point they fetch up the bridegroom from the back of the room (how much more comfortable for him than

the chancel steps), and instruct him as to his position under the canopy. The good old rabbis support him — not with flagons, these were to come — but with encouraging looks from their spectacled eyes. And now comes the prettiest part of the ceremony. Most Eastern and poetical is it to see the bride stepping down the dim light of the long staircase into the brightness of the room. The capacities of the canopy seem to increase as she and her long train sweep into it and her bridesmaids stand behind her, *not* just under its shelter. She is by no means a conventional Jewess, the prominent feature being the only tell-tale ; and her fair hair, with its diamonds and flowers, gleams through the veil, which is soon raised by her mother as she gives her daughter the cup of wine at various stages in the service. The eye wanders to the magnificent contour of her first handmaiden, whose dark beauty furnishes an excellent foil, but returns to the bridegroom and bride as they taste the wine, and crush the glass — emblem of earthly joys — beneath the husband's heel. Rather a risky proceeding this in such close proximity to so much white satin ; but it is all safely accomplished at last, even to the putting on of the ring. This is placed on the first finger of the right hand, "the dominant finger," explains the rabbi to me at the conclusion, and there it remains till the contracts are signed, and, rather to my chagrin, the exact moment at which the transfer was made to the final resting-place does not appear. The end of the whole matter is the unscrewing of the canopy, and the bride is lost in the crowd of congratulatory friends, who certainly spoil her train and possibly try her temper with the zest bred of the occasion.

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A NEW luminous fungus has been forwarded to Europe from Tahiti. It is said to emit, at night, a light resembling that of the glowworm, which it retains for a period of twenty-four hours after having been gathered, and it is used, by the native women, in bouquets of flowers for personal adorn-

ment in the hair and dress. It belongs to the section "dimidiati" of the genus *Pleurotus*, in which no luminous species has been hitherto known, although there are several in the genus, and has been named by M. Hariot *Pleurotus lux*. It is believed to grow on trunks of trees. Nature.

